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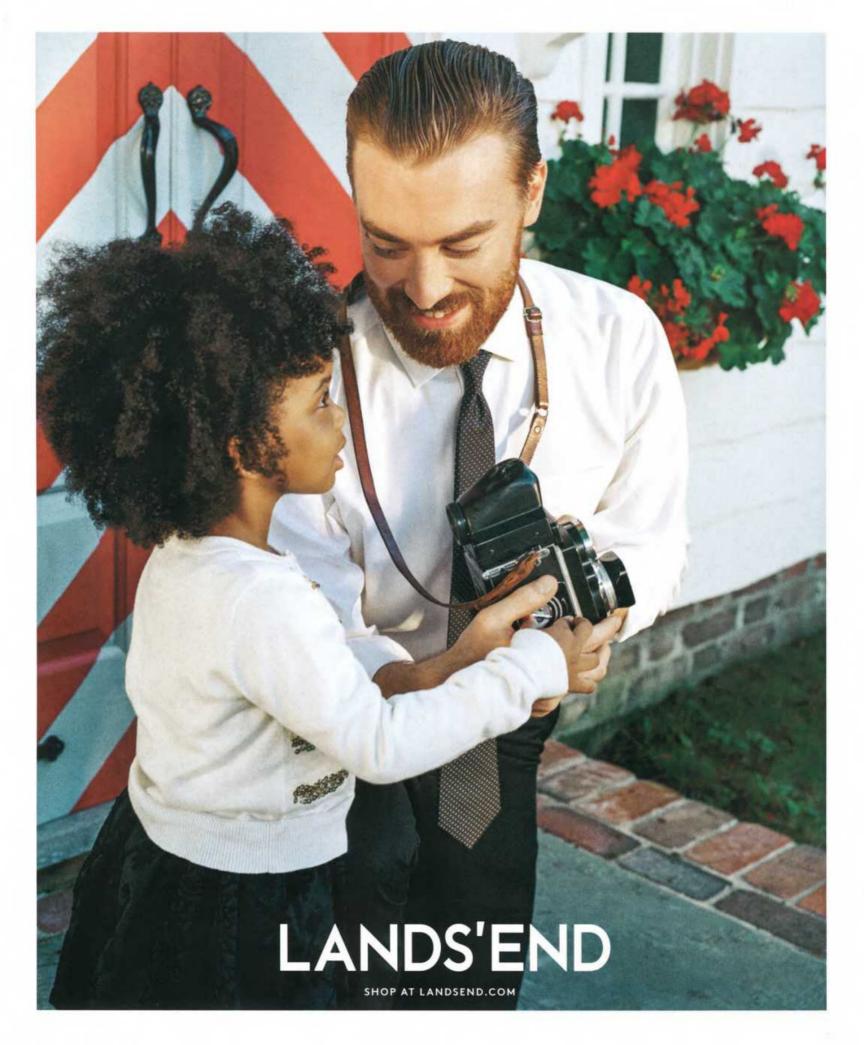
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What projects are you working on?

Three years ago I moved to Los Angeles to pursue fashion design with a focus on menswear. While I was still in school, I started my blog *Garconalamode* as an outlet to showcase my style and share my passion. Recently I launched SPROOS, a line of shirts with an emphasis on quality fabrics and tailoring, and it has been a thrilling ride. I'm currently working on my next collection which will incorporate trousers, jackets, and accessories.

Tell us about your experience as a GQ Insider.

Being a GQ Insider has opened so many doors for me. As an influencer I have garnered a lot of attention from brands that I admire and have had the opportunity to work with Montblanc, Lacoste, and Simon Malls. I've also been invited to attend numerous private events and connect with other fellow GQ Insiders. I've been able to meet people that I look up to in the industry and have received valuable knowledge that I otherwise would not have.

FOLLOW PERKENS: @PERKENSBIENAIME / GARCONALAMODE.COM



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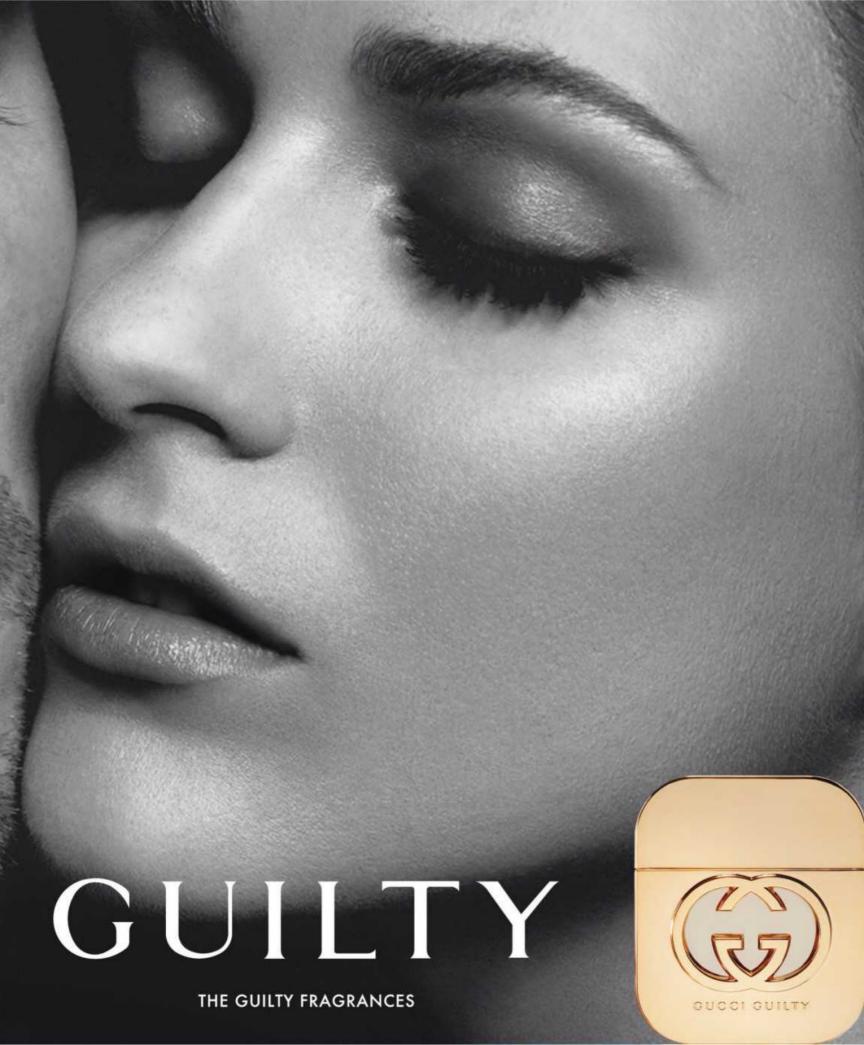




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EVENTS → PROMOTIONS → EXCLUSIVES



CLASSIC STYLE STAPLE: THE LACOSTE ORIGINAL POLO

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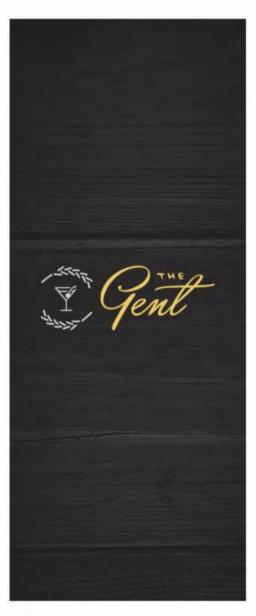
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A Navy Seal in Transition When she was serving in Afghanistan, she was known as Christopher. But the biggest undertaking Kristin Beck has faced? Becoming a woman BY DEVIN FRIEDMAN

The Least Influential People of 2015

Here they are: the schmucks, layabouts, and, uh, Republican candidates for president who made 2015 a year to forget BY DREW MAGARY

Voices of 2015, Part I: The NBA Star and the NYPD Here's how, in a year marked by the fight against police violence, NBA player Thabo Sefolosha became one of the movement's most public faces AS TOLD TO

Voices of 2015, Part II: The Boys on the Train You remember them—the three

NATHANIEL PENN

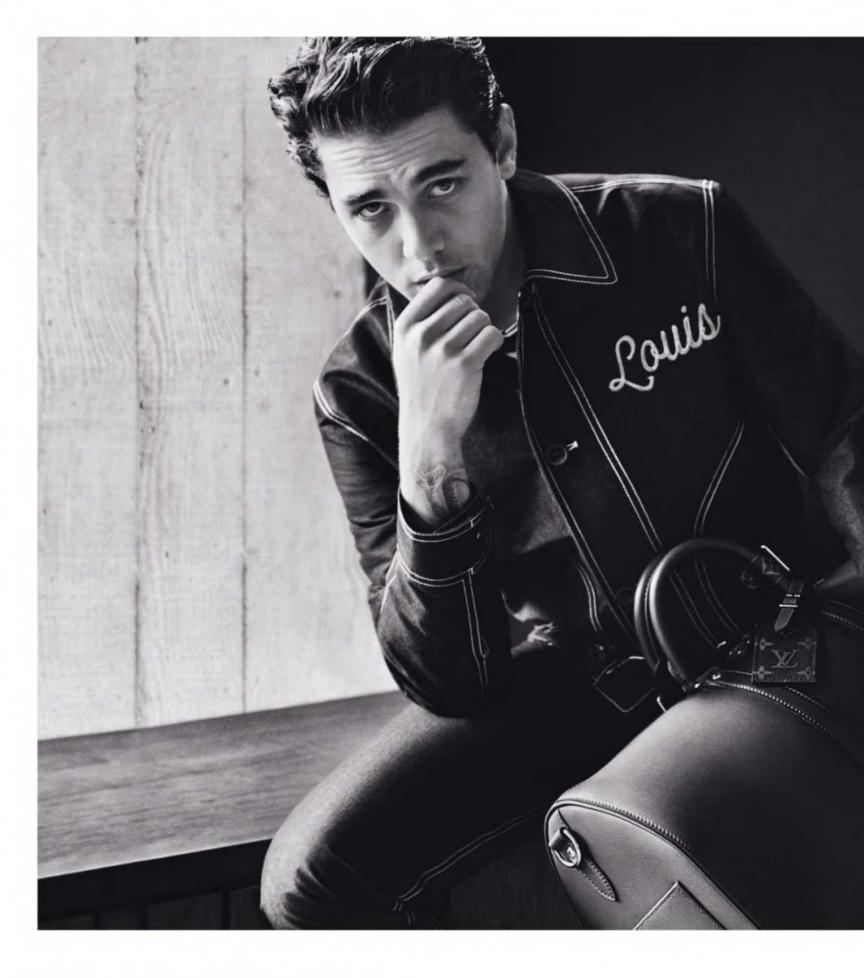
Americans abroad who put their lives on the line to successfully foil a terrorist attack. One of the men recounts their heroic story AS TOLD TO SEAN FLYNN

Voices of 2015, Part III: Wedlocked

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LOUIS VUITTON













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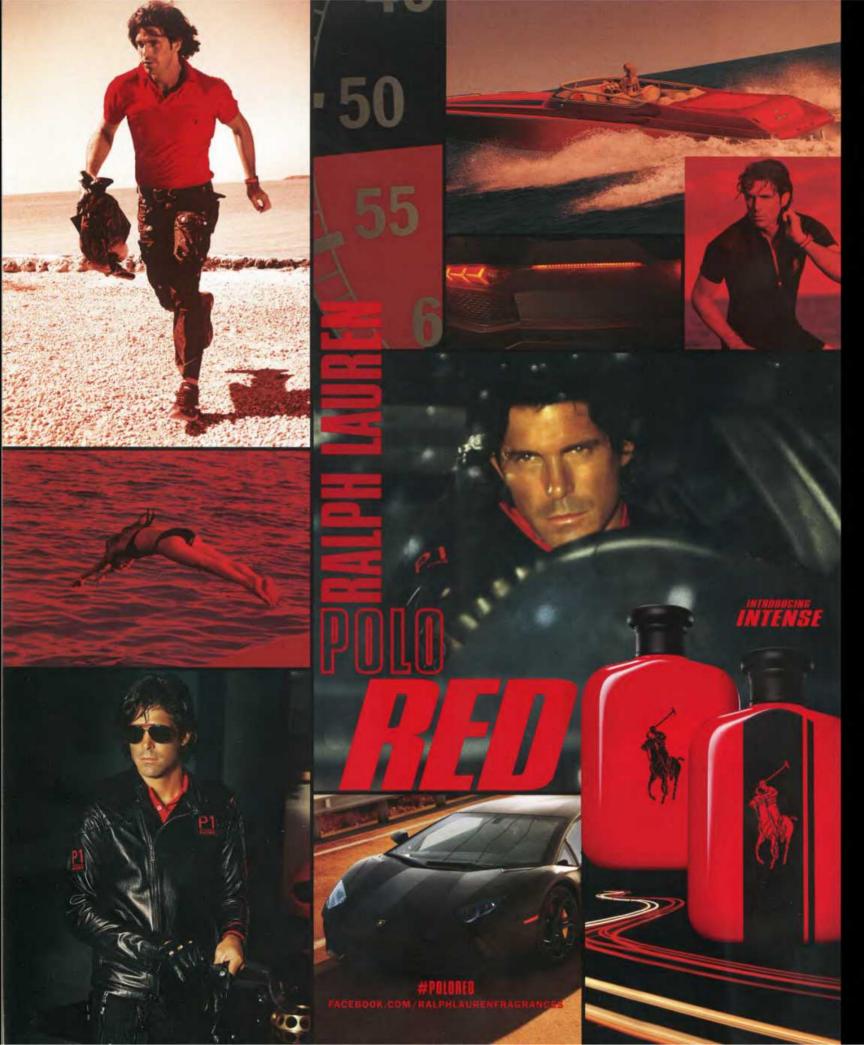
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Q. What should you wear on your first few dates with a new someone?

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↑ After-work drinks



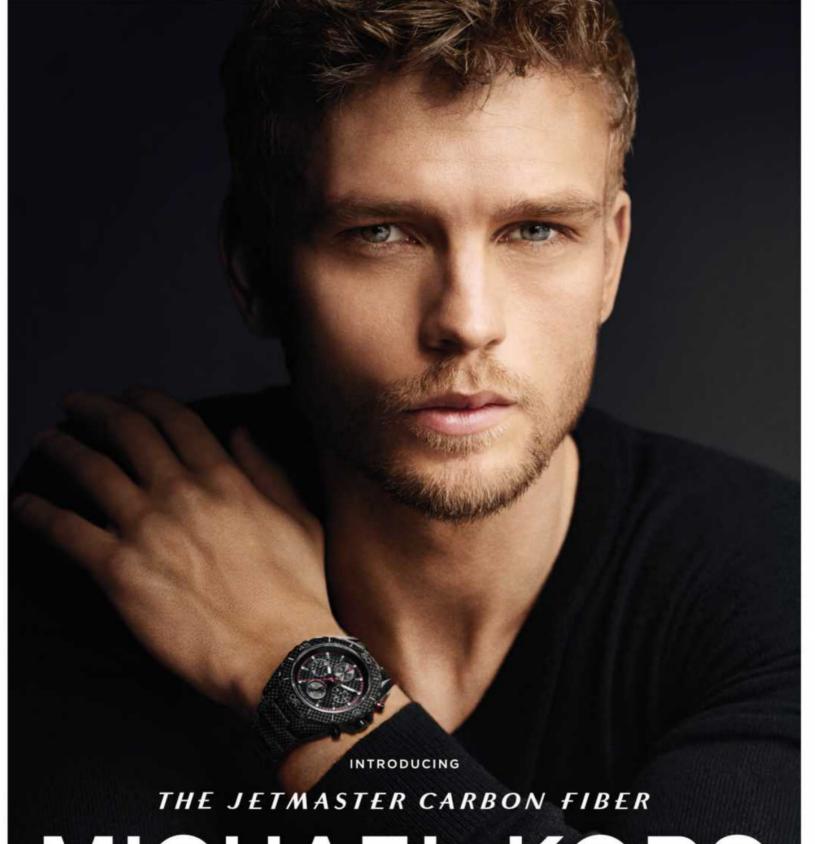
↑ Saturday chill



↑ "Tonight, you're Jay and she's Bey."



→ Want your question answered? Go to twitter.com/GQStyleGuy



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Which isn't to suggest Curry is going to sit back and relax now that he's on the NBA mountaintop. An insatiable competitor, Curry is nowhere near satisfied. He's just entering his prime playing years—and he knows it. "There's still more to accomplish," he says, ready to do it all again.

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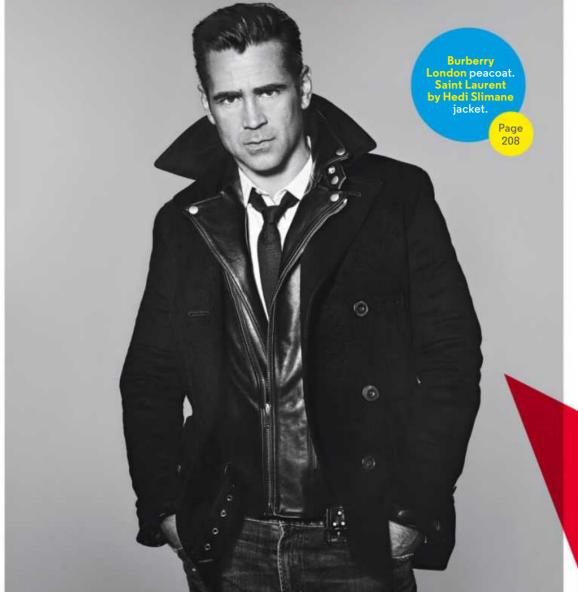
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→ EACH MONTH, the editors of

the editors of GQ will select a series of items from our pages available through our online retail partner, Mr Porter.com

→TO LEARN

more—and see what we have chosen for you this month—go to GQ.com/selects

Just a few of our picks from this issue...



Tom Ford coat p. 215



Tod's sneaker (left) p. 104



Dolce & Gabbana polo p. 219



Visvim shirt p. 242





TOMMY - HILFIGER

UNDERWEAR

I WAS IN A MOVIE THEATER in

the wilds of Pennsylvania this summer okay, it was more like the milds of Pennsylvania—when a strange and disturbing thing happened. The mood in the multiplex was subdued at first, the slow and awkward erotic drip of The Diary of a Teenage Girl flickering on the screen. A 15-year-old virgin kissed the much older mustachioed creep who was dating her mom. Heavy petting slid into light to medium deflowering. Watching it was discomfiting and borderline hot and a little painful. I felt like half the crowd was getting boners and half the crowd was disgusted at the thought of anyone getting a boner. Just another day in America!

That wasn't the disturbing part.

Suddenly, powerful bangs-cowboy gunfire or something cinematically explosive-started coming from the theater next door. A portion of the audience, dulled by the erotic dread of Teenage Girl, remained oblivious, but a certain anxious subset pricked up our ears, craned our heads forward, and looked left toward the adjacent theater. Why was it suddenly so loud? Were they watching Mad Max: Fury Road in there? Was this the part where Tom Hardy, bound and gagged and hoisted up like a crucified rent boy, rides around the desert while that freaky guitarist-warrior shoots heavy-metal flames into the dystopian air? Was it the sound of Vin Diesel eradicating international terrorism in Furious 7? A new sensate form of Dolby?

More shots. The pops were muffled, then clearer. The noise was coming *toward* us.

Another round. Unmistakable. Holy shit, it's a shooter. This was right after that psycho had shot up a movie theater in Lafayette, Louisiana, with a gun he picked up legally and easily at a pawnshop. Twenty shots, nine wounded, two dead. And before that, of course, there were those names—Virginia Tech, Sandy Hook, Aurora, and on and on. This one would get its own designation, named for a neglected mall in Pennsylvania.



Everything moved fast for a moment. I sat up in my seat, listened hard, decided I would run, but then a distinct pause in the fire—they always pause, don't they, before they start looking for more victims?—and then another pop, but different this time, with a long, whistling descent to it.

Sorry, my bad, we were not killed, not in danger. There was no one next door, not even a theater. There was only the great outdoors on the other side of that wall. What we heard was the sound of fireworks being launched from a staging center recklessly close to the theater. (No one could tell us the occasion. They have a lot of historical festivities in Pennsylvania that require explosives.) I'm making light of it now, because, hey, it was nothing, but it was genuinely terrifying, until it wasn't. The audience moved on as America moves on. We all eventually relaxed and watched Bel Powley torch the rest of her sexual innocence.

The experience hung with me, though, and when I think back on the year, a year of senseless rampages and multiple college shootings, I feel like something's changed. The threat of gun violence has become realer, closer. It's next door or around the corner, not just something that transpires on some distant Oregon campus.

By mid-October, there were an astonishing 305 mass shootings in America this year, defined as four or more people shot in one event. That's insanity. In an interview in this issue, President Obama argues that Americans are no more violent than people in other countries. "But they have more deadly weapons to act out their rage." And he points out part of the problem: "We have this weird habit in this culture of mourning and, you know, 48, 72 hours of wall-to-wall coverage, and then... suddenly we move on." Maybe we should start an organization called NOTMoveOn.org.

But I think something else has changed. The feeling of a whole generation of Americans that we have to sit back and accept this, that as in the words of Jeb Bush, "stuff happens." (If ever a phrase summed up the Bush dynastic philosophy, it is that sad little air whiff of a statement.)

Stuff happens again and again. But lately I've sensed, and for the first time, that we could break out of this. That we want to break out of it. It's like we've reached some kind of national psychic limit beyond which we can process any of this as acceptable. Obama himself has gone from pained over these shootings to increasingly angry. Presidential candidates are starting to utter the unspeakable-that we the people can even fight the gun lobby! Maybe it can build to something bigger: a rejection of the nation's Eleventh Commandment, handed down by Charlton Heston and the NRA, that every act of gun violence is the price of freedom and that any impingement on the right to bear arms hurts God's feelings.

I think it can build, and needs to. It's a shift that's seemed impossible to imagine for years but that, as with gay marriage, can happen suddenly—a healthy rejection of the idea that just because something has been one way, it needs to be that way forever and ever.

We've been in an abusive relationship with the NRA. It's time to bust out of it. If there is any presidential candidate out there who can seize this moment and help us break out of the Stuff Happens philosophy, I will follow them out of the desert.

JIM NELSON

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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What. A. Year: Turnt-up-to-11 storytelling covering a huge swath of culture, eye-melting images from top photographers, a spanking new site design, further-reaching social media-izing than ever. To celebrate, we pulled our most read, shared, and talked-about magazine swerves, selected by you! Or at least your page views.







...Photographs!

→ We asked legendary photographer Mark Seliger what he liked most about working with Amy Schumer and her faceless space friends for our August

issue, the photos of which were our most viewed this year: "If she doesn't want to do something, it's not like it's a big negotiation. It's just not even a possibility. But with that story, there was nothing

that she didn't love." Seliger said the Star Wars theme, devised with Schumer in GQ's office, was just comedy clay. "What the comedian brings to it is what makes it funny." We'll kick to that.

...Insta-Pic!



→ All hail Keezus! This was the year of the Instagram celebutante (see page 182), and Kendall Jenner was the leader of that stunning pack. (Though let's be honest: She's probably only the seventh-most-popular Kardashian.) Jenner graced the cover of our May issue, and when we Instagrammed the photo, the Internet went appropriately nuts.

...Contributor!

→ You love Drew Magary, our most popular writer this year! Drew loves Drew Magary! Here, the web stories from 2015 he's most proud to have penned:

"Inside Donald Trump's Surging GOP Campaign" (August 4)

Magary heads to a Trump rally: "I had arrived in Iowa just as Trump was doubling down on his comments that Mexico was sending 'rapists' across our border: people here loved it."

"Is It Safer for Kids to Do MMA Fighting Than to Play Football?" (April 29)

A bunch of kids beat Magary's ass in a kids' martial-arts class: "I'm experiencing entirely new shades of pain. It's the kind of pain that eliminates the past and the future."

"A 21st Century Guide to Weird Milks" (May 29)

"Whenever you cook something and it turns out grainy, that always means you did something wrong. Hence, almond milk is wrona."



...Profile!

→ Joel Lovell's September cover story, "The Late, Great Stephen Colbert," was both heartbreaking and encouraging. Adam Sternbergh at New York magazine tweeted, "This Stephen Colbert profile by @lovellioel is the best one I've read, and I say that as someone who's written one."



...Story!

→ Readers ate up Taffy Brodesser-Akner's September exposé, "Searching for Sugar Daddy," which delved into the world of transactional love. Probably 'cause it was equal parts darkly funny and darkly dark.



...Web Exclusive!

→ In July, Burt Helm headed to Berlin to meet with pierced, face-tatted doorman Sven Marquardt to figure out how the bouncer at Berghain chooses who gets in to the most notorious club on the planet.

BEST of the **BEST**

The 2015 editions of the "Best American" anthologies—those annual collections of knockout writing—had plenty of love to kick GQ's way. Check 'em out!

THE BEST AMERICAN

NONREQUIRED READING 2015
Wells Tower, "Who Wants to Shoot an Elephant?," June 2014

THE BEST AMERICAN **ESSAYS 2015 NOTABLES**

Daniel Riley, "I'm Only into Jean-Georges's Early Stuff," April 2014 Rosecrans Baldwin, "Learn to Kill in Seven Days or Less," March 2014

THE BEST AMERICAN SPORTS WRITING 2015

Wells Tower, "Who Wants to Shoot an Elephant?," June 2014

THE BEST AMERICAN SPORTS WRITING 2015 NOTABLES

Rosecrans Baldwin, "Learn to Kill in Seven Days or Less," March 2014

Kathy Dobie, "The Undefeated Champions of Defeat City," May 2014 Nancy Hass, "The Toughest Woman in Sports," January 2014 Drew Jubera, "Last Chance U.," November 2014



Featured: Samsung Galaxy S6 edge+ in Black Sapphire.

Galaxy S6 edge +





Featured: Samsung Galaxy S6 edge+ in Gold Platinum.

SAMSUNG Galaxy S6 edge +





Featured: Samsung Gear S2 with a Dark Gray case and Dark Gray band on him; Samsung Gear S2 with a Silver case and Fed band on her.

Gear S2



Named after a Star. Crafted as a Holiday Gift.

Give Beautifully



2015

Best Stuff of the Year

Because we're committed to bringing you the most drool-worthy gear, gadgets, and goodies, we spent the past 12 months riding hoverboards and electric motorcycles around the office. Bad for maintenance, but great for you!

Photographs by Adrian Gaut



Don't Call It a Scooter

We waited 40-odd years for an heir to the classic Italian mopeds of the 1970s, but the Bolt M-1 was worth it. Fully electric and iPhone-integrated, the bike can take you as far as 35 miles without a drop of fuel or a spin of the pedals. It's small enough to park on a sidewalk, fast enough to own a city road, legal enough to drive without a moto license (but still able to hit 40 miles per hour). Think of it as a twowheeled Tesla. Better yet: Stop comparing it to ridiculous things and go for a ride already.

\$5,495 | boltmotorbikes.com













WHERE THE GIFTS ARE







Protect Your Capo

When an Italian fashion house hires a hotshot designer like Milan Vukmirovic, you get the **Ports 1961 helmet,** with its geometric camo (check out the stars in the negative space), leather lining, and Top Gun-style flip-down visor. Oh, and your commute to work-whether it's on an electric bike or not-gets not only ten times safer but ten times more stylish, too.

\$895 | ports1961.com



A Candle You'll Have Forever

You could think of these Hermès candles as intoxicating ways to rejuvenate your pad's stale air—all five impossibleto-pronounce scents are crafted by the daughter of the French firm's perfumer. Or you could see the candles for what they really are: soon-to-be origamisculpture stash spots for coins, keys, or weed, with bonus scented wax.

From \$185 | hermes.com



The Drinking Man's Segway

This is the **Inventist Hovertrax.** You know what it does (replaces walking), and you know what it's called (a hoverboard, even if it's not). So let us say, voices clear: So let us say, voices clear: This is a silly toy. A silly, fun-as-hell toy. After a steep learning curve—how the hell do you get on?—you're ripping around, floating, spinning, steering with your brain. We're starting to think the future will be a blast.

\$1,495 | inventist.com







MODERN AHEAD OF ITS TIME



The Watch That's Watching You

For all the advances made in the personal-data movement, the biggest might be...a watch? Inside the **Withings Activité** are all the step-counting, sleep-graphing, exercise-tracking sensors you want, backed by a smartphone app. Outside, it's a Swiss-made, sapphire-glassed timepiece-with-a-capital-That proves you don't need some blinking Livestrong band to get your act together.

\$450 | withings.com



A Kinder, Foldier Kayak

At first you're blown away that the 12-foot-long **Oru Kayak Bay+** unfolds from a box roughly the size of your coffee table in maybe ten minutes. Then you're blown away that the thing doesn't sink within moments of shoving off. In fact, it delivers all the gliding meditative peace of paddling around a bay, but in a package that apartment dwellers, roof-rack haters, and outdoorsy hoarders with brimming garages can appreciate.

\$1,575 | orukayak.com





What Made Your Year the Best?

There's this necklace—it has seven crystals that correspond to all seven chakras. I picked it up in Atlanta, at this shop called Crystal Blue. I've never had a bad day wearing it. Even if it doesn't make sense with my outfit, I'll put it in my pocket."

-RAURY, MUSICIAN









Lift here to experience L'HOMME

Lift here to experience L'HOMME INTENSE

> L'HOMME VesSaint/aurent

> THE COLLECTION FOR MEN

PROMOTIONS EVENTS DVERTISERS

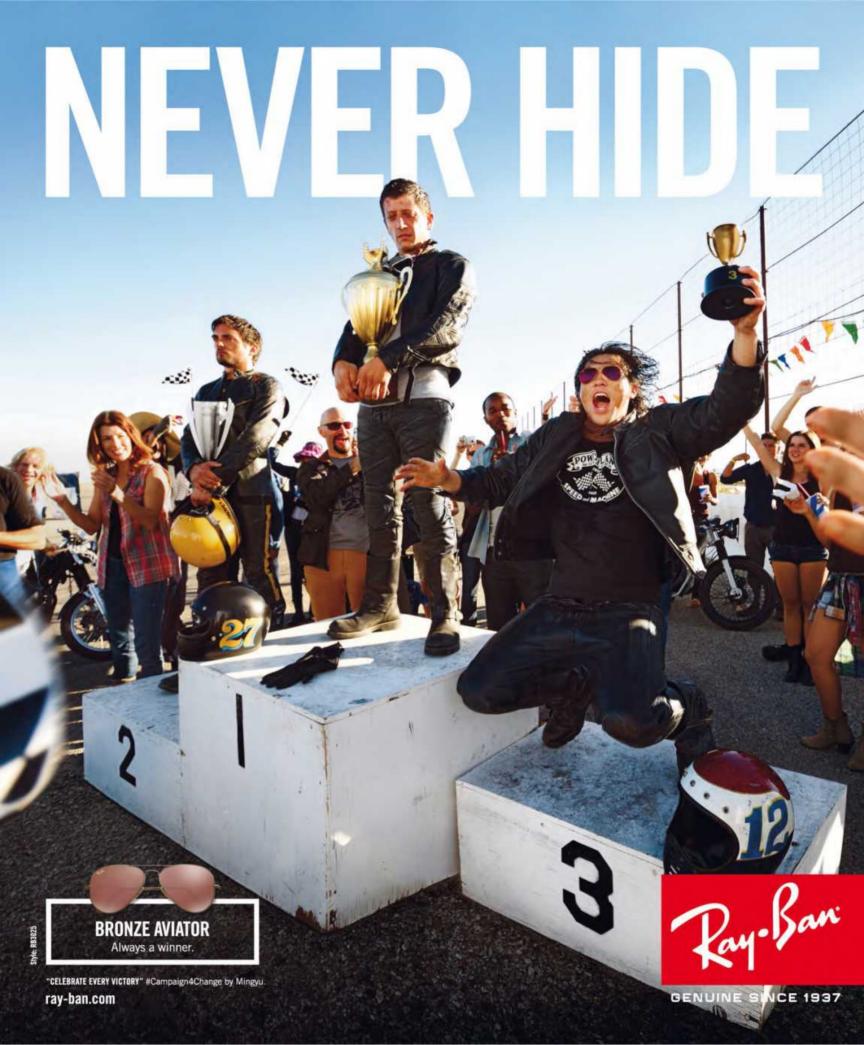
GQ.COM/GQREPORT





Your desk needs to feel like a place where shit gets done, so it's only fitting to take some inspiration from the world of construction. We're talking less about making misogynistic catcalls at the women in payroll, more about desktop necessities—card holders, pen cups, even clockscrafted from blue-collar concrete. It's trusty, it's tough, it's...unexpectedly stylish. This is industrial design, heavy on the industry, in both meanings of the word. That tape dispenser will last longer than you. Definitely longer than Jared, that lazy stapler-stealing bastard.

JWDA Concrete Lamp \$185 | menudesignshop.com Areaware Concrete Desk Set (pen holder and tape dispenser) \$60 | areaware.com 22 4th Dimension Wall Clock \$260 | 22designstudio.net Owen & Fred Hex Concrete Business Card Holder \$35 | owenandfred.com









Never Waste a Burgundy

You come home, you had a good day, you want to sip something nice. But you're not looking to polish off that pricey Grand Cru on a Tuesday. So you break out the **Coravin Model Two,** which uses a thin needle and a pressurized system to let you pour a glass without pulling the bottle's cork. Fingers crossed tomorrow is just as good.

\$350 | coravin.com



Do You Smell Something Stylish?

The **Muji Toaster**, styled by Japanese design guru Naoto Fukasawa, is soft, white, and inviting, like a throw pillow that will make you breakfast. It's the toaster you buy because it's stylish, simple, and Muji solid, then keep when you move in with a girl and consolidate your stuff, because it looks so cheery on the counter.

\$95 | muji.com/us



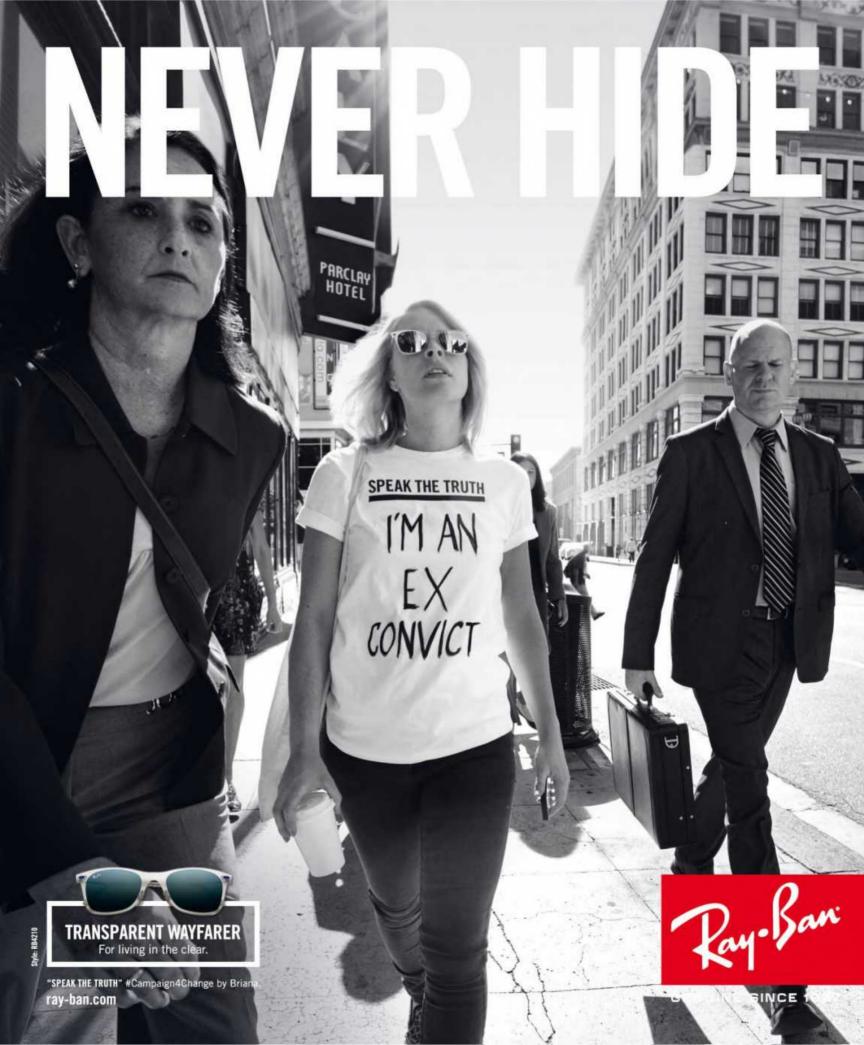
Stay on Your Grind

When it comes to pepper grinders, you can go cheap, absurdly phallic, or—in the case of the **Hay Ori Grinder**—conversationstarting. These pentagonal totems happily crush sea salt or pepper onto the culinary triumph you've cooked up (cough, delivery pad thai), then go back to adding a little spice to your kitchen landscape.

\$28 | momastore.org













A Jacket That's Been in the S#!t

Japanese brand Readymade somehow waves its cut-and-sew wand over authentic army fabrics and from the smoke puff come grail pieces, like this **Readymade Field Jacket.**What starts as vintage U.S. military duffel bags becomes an M65 you don't want to take off, the cut slim and modern, the decades-old cotton duck fabric built to survive a tour of duty. So yes, it can handle a little rain.

Price on request mrandmrsbangbang.com



The Inside-Out Closet

Maybe your closets are stuffed. Maybe you want easier access. Maybe you recently splurged on a beautiful Japanese jacket crafted from army duffels and want to show off a bit. Then lean the Floyd Coat Rack against your wall—you have one of those, right?—and hang away. That wooden bar extends farther out, in case you splurge again.

\$145 | floyddetroit.com



Fire the Brass

You need a light, you can't find a light—wasn't there a matchbook in this drawer? A Bic? Listen, just put the JFM Machined Brass Match Striker on your mantel. It's solid brass, blunt-weapon heavy, with a raspy exterior machined to prevent that pfftt thing from ever happening, making this the last time you ever have to hunt for fire.

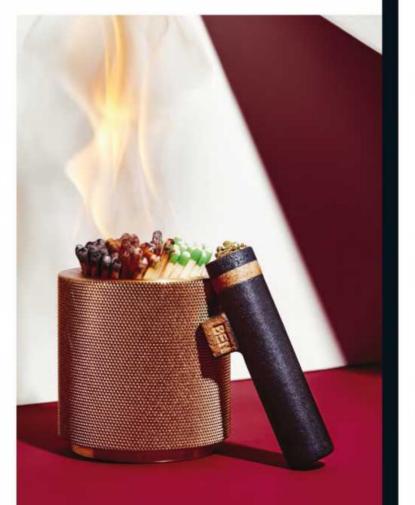
\$130 | manoftheworld.com



One-Hit Wonder

You are, nominally, technically, a responsible adult now, so why are you still smoking weed out of a Grateful Dead bong you bought in college? Grow up...and call on L.A. ceramist **Ben Medansky**. His collection of minimal, earthy pipes will pass for objets d'art to the less discerning (read: more judgmentally sober) eye.

\$45 | benmedansky.com



CHROME



AVAILABLE AT MACY'S



SOUNDADVIGE PRESENTED BY 6 beats by dr. dre

BEATSBYDRE.COM

WELCOME TO YOUR FOOLPROOF HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE. Together with Beats, GQ has culled four types of dudes you may run into this holiday season and what exactly to get them. Consider us your gifting counselor.

Don't Blow It. Gift Beats.







The Traveler + 1: Beats Studio Wireless

He has favorite spots in the world's great cities and a suitcase that's always half-packed-not to mention plenty of time to kill while constantly in transit. The Beats Studio Wireless Bluetooth headphone is a perfect upgrade to any frequent flier's carry-on. He'll appreciate the dual noise-canceling capability and foldable design, and the built-in mic lets him take a hands-free call before takeoff.

beatsbydre.com



Francis' rounded silhouette and keyhole bridge are flattering on a wide range of face shapes. This style is a great choice for the guy seeking a classic yet contemporary look.

shwoodshop.com

+ 3: LEATHER WEEKENDER BY SAINTLY

Pack in style with Saintly's all-American, fully customizable leather weekender. With a range of options in size, shoe and laptop pockets, leather, lining, hardware, and much more, you can design this gorgeous bag so it's completely unique to your lifestyle.

saintlybags.com







beats by dr. dre

PRESENTED BY



+ 2: LEATHER PUNCHING BAG BY BOXITALIA

For the upscale uppercut. Not just a piece of equipment for your daily fitness regimen, this boxing bag is a design furnishing for any space, inspired by the Italian gyms of the 1950s.

fancy.com/shop/lovli

+ 3: CIRCUIT SHORT BY ISAORA

Top-notch workout bottoms.

Combining the perfect amount of well-considered ease with a progressive modern silhouette, the Drop Combo Sport Short is made in NYC from a technical cotton poplin and features contrast side panels for graphic detail.

isaora.com



The Cardio King + 1: Powerbeats 2 Wireless

Something drives this marathon man—he jogs, lifts, cycles, and strains to the beat of his own insistent drummer. (Chances are, he's got the physique to prove it.) These lightweight, sweat-resistant, wireless earphones stay out of the way during the heaviest activity, and flexible ear hooks make for a comfortable fit.

beatsbydre.com





The Beatsmaker + 7: Beats Pill +

For the party-on-the-go guy who keeps a discerning eye on the latest and greatest, the 2.0 iteration of this portable Bluetooth speaker will check all the boxes. Innovative design makes it an instant conversation-starter. And the Pill sounds bigger than it looks, turning what might have started as a mellow hangout into a bumping tailgater.







The Designer + 4: Solo2 Wireless

Everything visible and audible is potential fodder for this easily inspired guy. A styleforward on-ear model, the Solo2 Wireless offers crisp, balanced sound and comes with a 12-hour rechargeable battery. The wearer can also wire in, to keep the music coming during marathon laptop creative sessions.

beatsbydre.com





SALTI bracelets are handcrafted, artist-designed, California surf tested, and were walked down the runways of New York Fashion Week. Built for comfort and durability to withstand salt-water wear.

fancy.com/shop/trieshard

+ 6: LED CLOCK BY WHITE & WHITE

This minimalist's dream tells the time and nothing else. Designed by Vadim Kibardin, it's a modern 3-D interpretation of the traditional digital clock.

fancy.com/shop/designisthis









evasolo.com

+ 8: FIREGLOBE FIREPLACE BY EVA SOLO

This mod-inspired piece warms up any outdoor gathering. With a sculptural shape that accentuates the flames, it's a design-forward way to bring friends and family together in the yard or on the patio.



+ 9: CUPA SHOT GLASSES BY SEMPLI

Toast in stylish solidarity with this barware upgrade. Handmade, their unique stemless construction creates a swirling rotation when set down-which assists the oxygenation of spirits.

sempli.com



BEATSBYDRE.COM



THE GENTLEMEN'S FUND



GQ thanks 2015 ambassador

VICTOR CRUZ

for his work with

THE VICTOR CRUZ FOUNDATION

Victor Cruz was already a hero to kids everywhere when he started the Victor Cruz Foundation in 2012. If you come out of nowhere as an undrafted free agent to make one-handed touchdown grabs, break records, and win a championship, you're going to pick up a few fans. And to watch a child of any age try to imitate Victor's signature celebratory salsa dance is a life-affirming kind of moment.

Victor has always rooted for the kids as hard as they root for him. That's why he took great care in setting up the program that he believed would have a deep and lasting impact on students' educational and financial prospects. The Victor Cruz Foundation works with other local organizations to implement the STEM (science, technology, engineering, and math) curriculum. The Foundation is committed to ongoing research and partnerships to maximize kids' educational opportunities.

Victor's on-field heroics give young people something to cheer for, but his Foundation goes even deeper. It helps make kids the heroes of their own lives.

Get involved at VICTORCRUZFOUNDATION.ORG



Don't Quit Your Day Jams

Wireless headphones are a staple in the office survival kit, and the Master & Dynamic MW60 brings all of the brand's warm and detailed sound, minus the cords. It connects to a computer and a phone at once, includes a mic for taking calls, and—thanks to lambskin ear cups—stays comfy through a full day of procrastination.

\$549 | masterdynamic.com



Man's New Best Friend

A small Bluetooth speaker's gotta sound good, and the hand-sized **UE Roll** delivers with its upward-aiming audio. Just as key, the Roll is down for whatever: both waterproof (it comes with a buoy for pool floating) and able to lash to a bag or dangle from anywhere with its built-in bungee cord. Start your day with a hot shower and a Drake diss track.

\$100 | ultimateears.com





What Made Your Year the Best?

I bought a king-size bed. It's pretty much my whole bedroom. It's kind of changed my life, because I've never slept better. Now I'm always sleeping. Which is bad, probably. I got my dog a dogsize king-size bed, too. So now my room is all beds."

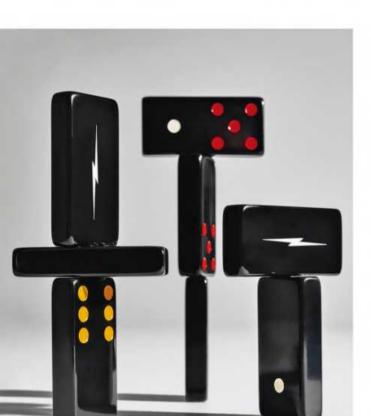
-HAILEY CLAUSON, MODEL















An Ice Cube-Approved Pastime

On those polar winter Sunday afternoons when going outside holds no allure, break out a sixer and these **Shinola + Crisloid dominoes**. No, they don't play differently than the black-and-white versions, but Instagramming the kaleidoscopic finale will make your Netflixing friends that much more jealous.

\$230 | shinola.com



Bring the Outdoors Inside

Once upon a time, camp chairs were chairs that you took camping, or maybe tailgating. Then you stumble on the **Texas Rover Company Humphrey Chairs** and realize your place could use a luxo-rustic makeover. They're built from pecan wood and thickas-hell leather, so unlike your sofa, they'll look even better a decade from now.

\$1,650 | texasrover.com



Make a Power Move

The Native Union Night Cable is a ten-foot lifeline between the outlet and your couch or pillow, allowing you to keep the juice flowing into your smartphone while you robotically refresh your Twitter feed. Some might say the existence of this thing is a sad indictment of our techno-addicted times. To them we say: low battery, 10% of battery remaining.

\$40 | nativeunion.com



CONTRIBUTORS: MARK BYRNE, BENJY HANSEN-BUNDY, JOHN JANNUZZI, GARRETT MUNCE, SAM SCHUBE, JON WILDE

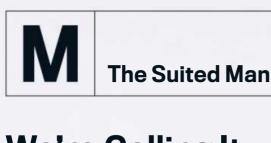




LEGEND THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



AVAILABLE AT MACY'S, MACYS.COM AND MONTBLANC BOUTIQUES



The new dinner jacket is an express train to looking rakish almost anywhere, as *Point Break* star Luke Bracey proves. Welcome to an era where being all dressed up doesn't necessarily mean being stiff and stressed out

For a while, we were convinced that the only folks who owned dinner jackets were professional casino whales, members of the British royal family, and a certain secret agent who introduces himself with Yoda-like syntax. But lately menswear has started paving over boundaries: Just as sweatpants became sartorial, the dinner iacket is loosening up. Look at Luke Bracey here, the man who'll play Johnny Utah in this month's Point Break remake. He doesn't have to swill martinis or play baccarat to wear oneand neither do you, as long as you know the right time (after dark) and place (anywhere you want to get formal but not stuffy). Now that you're in the market, know that the shawlcollar, near-ivory version is a classic. Pair it with a denim shirt for your office holiday party and drink whatever you damn well please. - SAM SCHUBE

Jacket, \$595, and pants, \$245, by Bonobos. Shirt \$250, by Salvatore Piccolo. Bow tie, \$55, by J.Crew. Where to buy it? Go to GQ .com/go/fashiondirectories





Meet the Bartending Elite

These seven finalists turned their craft into an art form

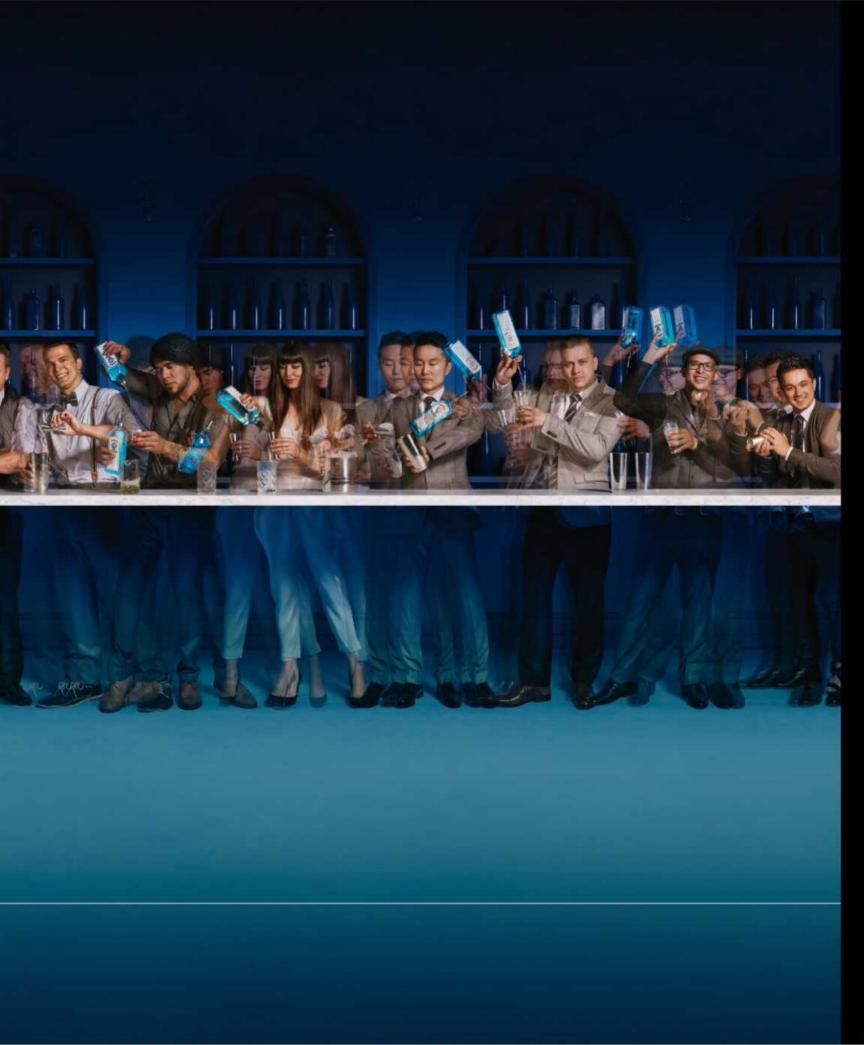


To these bartenders, an empty glass is a blank canvas and every step in the process is a unique brushstroke. Twenty-eight of the best bartenders from across North America journeyed to the bright lights and hot nights of Las Vegas, where they shook, stirred and muddled their way through the competition until there was only one cocktail left standing. On the final night of the competition, armed with BOMBAY SAPPHIRE® Gin and an array of ingredients from all



over the world, the seven finalists created visionary cocktails. They were judged on taste, presentation and most importantly, creativity. In the end, Justin Lavenue from Austin, TX, was named the 2015 Most Imaginative Bartender with his drink The Poet's Muse—a Japanese-inspired cocktail that blends notes of citrus, rose, essence of mushroom and BOMBAY SAPPHIRE® Gin. It is a drink that would inspire anyone to order a round.











of the Bar

See What it Takes to Create a Masterpiece

The Poet's Muse

2 Parts BOMBAY SAPPHIRE® Gin

3/4 Part Poet's Cordial

550 ml Unsweetened Almond Milk / 450 ml Honey / 1 Cinnarnon Stick / 2 Star Anise / 1 Vanilla Bean / 2 Green Tea Bags

Heat for 5 minutes. Remove tea bags and infuse in refrigerator for 1 hour. Strain all ingredients. Leave only liquid.

3/4 Part Fresh Lime Juice

2 Dashes Umami Tincture

Combine 3 Parts BOMBAY SAPPHIRE® Ginwith 1/2 tbsp Truffle Salt. Stir well.

Serve in martini cocktail glass with a large ice cube. Garnish with Lime Peel.





Meet the 28 bartenders who shook up the competition in Las Vegas this year.

- 1 Graham Racich, Vancouver, BC
- 2 Kaitlin Cusack, Boston, MA
- 3 Chuck Rivera, Washington, D.C.
- 4 Estanislado Orona, Portland, OR
- 5 Cheryl Lassen, Los Angeles, CA
- 6 Ryan Wainwright, Los Angeles, CA
- 7 Ray Burton, Calgary, AB

- 8 Matthew Steinvorth, New Orleans, LA
- 9 Nik Virrey, Seattle, WA
- 10 Julie Anderson, San Francisco, CA
- 11 SeongHa Lee, Las Vegas, NV
- 12 Reed Pettit, Toronto, ON
- 13 Wade Cleophas, Port of Miami, Fl
- 14 Egor Polonsky, Chicago, IL

- 15 Brenda Terry, Tampa, FL
- 16 Matthew Osmoe, St. Louis, MO
- 17 Nate Maston, Boulder, CO
- 18 Vannaluck Hongthong, Boston, MA
- 19 Morgan Stana, Washington, D.C.
- 20 Justin Lavenue, Austin, TX
- 21 Greg Buda, New York, NY

- 22 Ioana Maria, Port Canaveral, F
- 23 Travis Owens, Columbus, OH
- 24 Nathaniel Smith, Minneapolis, MN
- 25 Kevin Demers, Montreal, QE
- 26 Kills Hannyty Turnen El
- 27 Stacey Stenton, Las Vegas, NV
- 28 Jared Fread, Honolulu, H1

Want more perfectly grafted cocktails and at-home tips on pulling them off? Follow us on Instagram and Twitter: @SapphireGinUSA.

A GQ VIDEO ORIGINAL SERIES PREMIERE



GQ teams up with all-star food guys—Foodbeast—for a crosscountry exploration of cocktail culture guided by some of the best bartenders in America. We explore the coolest cities, meet the locals, and discover the most imaginative cocktails and food that you should know about right now.

WATCH NOW: VIDEO.GQ.COM

M

The Suited Man

2 of 2







Thou Shalt Swagger

Study the carvedin-stone bylaws of the dinner jacket

TE

DO: wear yours to the hilt periodically: tux pants, dress shirt, bow tie, the whole deal.

DON'T: replace your blazer with a dinner jacket. This is still special-occasion wear.



Do: dress it down Kanye-style, with a T-shirt and rippedknee jeans. Don'T: dress it down freshman-style, with baggy sweats and a gym tee.



DO: wear it to any type of club: night, supper, or strip. DON'T: make the stripclub thing a habit.



DO: get over your fears and wear a white jacket. DON'T: go near the shrimp cocktail.



Do: find some dinnerjacket inspiration in the louche cockiness of Connery's Bond. DON'T: admit that to anyone. It just sounds incredibly dorky.

For Your Next Trick...

• Want proof that the dinner jacket may be the most magical piece in your closet? Toss it on over a T-shirt and jeans (the more beat-up the better) and, uh, shazam: You're now officially better dressed than everyone else at the club.



Jacket, \$149, by Balmain x H&M. T-shirt, \$128, by Hiro Clark. Jeans, \$700, by Balmain. Necklace and bracelet by Miansai.

No Molly Needed

• Tom Ford is the godfather of the modern dinner jacket. You'd do well to take this lesson from him: Feel free to go wild with a print—something brash but monochromatic. Just keep the rest simple. There's only one star of this show.



Jacket, \$5,690, shirt, \$560, and pants, \$1,190, by Tom Ford. Bow tie, \$95, by John Varvatos. Loafers, \$795, by Pierre Hardy.

Your New Three-Piece

• You know that turtleneck-under-a-suit move you've seen in every movie set in the '70s? It feels oh-so-right-now. Pull on a jacket with peak lapels (rather than a shawl collar) for a little more showmanship. Try one in the bluest blue for a *lot* more.



Jacket, \$1,800, by Jeffrey Rüdes. Turtleneck, \$40, by H&M. Pants, \$895, by Bally. Boots, \$450, by To Boot New York. Where to buy it? Go to GO.com/go/fashiondirectories



Black Bay is the direct descendant of TUDOR's technical success in Greenland on the wrists of Royal Navy sailors. Over 60 years later, the Black Bay is ready to stand as its own legend.

BLACK BAY®

Self-winding mechanical movement, waterproof to 200 m, 41 mm steel case. Visit tudorwatch.com and explore more. TUDOR Watch U.S.A., LLC. New York





GIVENCHY

GENTLEMEN ONLY





Your Next Move

Puffer, the **Magic Jacket**

Man's warmest blizzard-battling outerwear is shedding its bloated, balloony shape and, in the process, becoming your most stylish winter staple. This is how to stay puffed from now until the sun shines again



Yes, You Camo!

· Instead of seeing store racks stacked with overinflated black bubble coats, prepare to find puffers like these this winter: sleeker, more refined, and, well, not so puffy. Plus, they have blessedly unshiny fabrics-yeah, that's wool on this Michael Kors number. Its grayon-gray camo pattern is how you stand out in the best, toastiest way.

Jacket, \$995, and turtleneck, \$395, by Michael Kors. Jeans, \$645, by Dolce & Gabbana. Belt by Giorgio Armani. Beanie by The Elder

A Puffer with Some Chill

· We're big fans of the sweats-and-a-topcoat weekend look, but if your winters don't bring arctic conditions, try a lightweight puffer with some color. It'll up your warmth and your wattage.

Jacket, \$178, by Nautica. Shirt, \$298, by Diesel. John Elliott + Co. Bracelet by Miansai. Backpack by Brunello Cucinelli.



Down Goes Downtown · A dressed-up

puffer jacket sounds as realistic as a Jets Super Bowl appearance. Then we saw this jacket from Ralph Lauren, done up in the kind of buttery black leather you'd normally expect from some nightlifeready moto jacket. All of which means that down is now ready to make the sub-zero walk from first date to last call.-SAM SCHUBE

Jacket, \$4,995, sweater, \$995, shirt, \$425, tie, \$150, and jeans, \$495, by Ralph Lauren. Where to buy it? Go to GO.com /go/fashiondirectories



From **Mount** Fuji to Mocha Lattes

Some of our favorite new takes on the puffer bring its outdoorsy roots to your morning coffee run





Dsquared2 | \$1,170

Moncler | \$1,565

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UNICO column-wheel chronograph. In-house
Hublot movement. 72-hour power reserve.
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and non-oxidizing 18K gold alloy invented
and developed by Hublot: Magic Gold.
Interchangeable strap by a unique attachment.
Limited edition to 250 pieces.

M The Style Guy

This month, GQ's resident sharpdressed man. Mark Anthony Green. explains why you gotta know when to pass on a trend and when to shoot for corner-office style



What's a man to do if he doesn't like current trends? I've never been a sneakers-and-sweats kinda guy. Can I retreat to my Barbour jacket and wingtips without looking dated?

*Retreat" is the wrong word there. Wingtips aren't a trend. Barbour is over 120 years old. That's more than three Kanye lifetimes. Those are classics—always in style, even if they're not *in* style. You might never turn heads wearing tried-and-true pieces, but you'll be able to hold your head up in any room. You know what probably isn't timeless? Drop-crotch ninja gear and topcoats that touch the ground. And I say that as a man who just bought a comforter-sized topcoat for the winter. I never regret going in on a trend I like, but I'm just as happy to let some pass me by. (I see you, skinny cargos and pom-pom hats.) Not feeling what Kanye's doing? That's cool. Some trends you've got to leave on the table.

The Style Guy is in! Send questions to styleguy@GQ.com or @GQStyleGuy.

They say "Dress for the job you want," but if I dress like my boss, I'll get asked if I have an interview 75 times. How can I show I'm ready for a promotion without looking like I'm impersonating the

Reggie Miller, one of the best shooters in NBA history, had an atrociouslooking jump shot. His stance was inconsistent, his hands would cross when he finished, and most offensive of all, his shot had zero sex appeal compared with other greats'. Yet Reggie was an assassin—a sharpshooter you prayed you didn't have to play against. (Just ask Spike Lee.) How was he so good? Repetition. He shot up to 700 hoops a day-his way. That's your game now. Repetition. Eventually people are going to stop asking if you have a job interview and start accepting that you dress better than the boss. I'm sure a promotion will follow.

I always hear about "investment pieces but what things should I never spend a ton of

Go cheap on anything hyper-trendy (see left), knit hats (I buy mine at gas stations), and underwear. Get a bundle of Calvin Klein boxer briefs for 40 bucks and you're set. You just want soft cotton. Tricks and gimmicks should never be that close to your most precious organ.

I live in L.A. and wear boat shoes almost every day, but with high socks and shorts. I can't find the right no-show socks, and everyone laughs at me. What should I do? You could be a rebel and ignore the hecklers. But I'd say ditch the boat shoes. If you can't go sockless-or at least give the appearance of socklessness-then they aren't for you. They're boat shoes, after all. (Ignore this advice if you're a senior citizen. You can wear whatever the hell you want.)

Insider Info

The 2016 Swerves of NBA Stars

 I asked Chris Paul. Blake Griffin, and Dwyane Wade what fresh moves they'll be making at this season's post-game interviews.



I want to stand





BLAKE GRIFFIN

This year I'm going to do a uniform in shades of gray. Gray even dowl to the underwear.



DWYANE WADE

110 | GQ.COM | 12.2015

SUPERIORITY. COMPLEX.

ROCA PATRÓN HAS A COMPLEX TASTE THAT'S HANDCRAFTED USING A COMPLEX PROCESS. WE SLOW-ROAST THE FINEST WEBER BLUE AGAVE, THEN CRUSH IT WITH A TWO-TON TAHONA STONE WHEEL—AN ANCIENT, LABOR-INTENSIVE METHOD. THE AGAVE JUICE IS THEN FERMENTED AND DISTILLED WITH THE FIBER, RESULTING IN A MULTILAYERED, EARTHY TASTE.













Rock the Kasbah, Remixed for 2015

Back when Keith Richards and William Burroughs prowled the alleyways with lungs full of hash, Tangier was the most decadent city on earth. Today the gateway to Africa remains a seductive bohemia with enough myth and mystery to feel otherworldly



At a certain point in a traveler's life, destinations like Paris and New York—while eternally lovely—start to feel like Earth's Greatest Hits. Eventually you want to explore edgier (and cheaper) precincts that aren't overrun by selfie-sticking tourists. Which is how I wound up in gritty Tangier, a legendary waterfront hideaway for artists and libertines. Think of

it as North Africa's version of New Orleans: music everywhere, always, with the city somehow more beautiful for the peeling paint on its crumbling walls.

Tangier makes you work for its pleasures. You could spend days wandering the medina, the ancient maze of corridors so narrow you can touch both walls as you walk, in search of Le Nabab, a minimalist restaurant hidden behind a lacquered black doorbut once you arrive, you'll appreciate the lamb tagine all the more. You might covet some printed slippers or pinstriped pants from the hip label Topolina, but the brand's 20-year-old menswear designer sells here only by appointment. And you

couldn't possibly know which of the countless carpet dealers to haggle with unless someone tips you off to **Bleu de Fès**, a tri-level showroom for the really good shit.

Wanna cheat? Book an upscale hotel where the staff understands all four locally spoken languages and knows the city's secrets. The best is Hôtel Nord-Pinus, a seven-room iewel of a guesthouse near Yves Saint Laurent's former villa. From there you're walking distance to the main town square, which is home to Cinéma Rif, the refurbished art house that looms literally and figuratively over the culture scene. You're also right around the corner from Les Fils du Détroit, where local codgers play traditional Andalusian songs every evening in a room the size of a boxcar. its windows flung open to let in the breeze.

Right about now you'll be longing for a cold beer, but remember that Morocco is a Muslim country, which means many Tangerines don't drink. What they do is smoke. All of Tangier is perfumed with both



cigarettes and kif, the indigenous reefer. Over at Café Hafa, a landmark perched vertiginously cliffside above the Strait of Gibraltar, young smokers while away hours with strong mint tea and epic games of Parcheesi. And though you can enjoy Havana Club rum under a portrait of expat bard Paul Bowles at The Tangerinn, a world-class dive bar squatting low on a dark backstreet, vou'll notice the other barflies are mostly there to huddle over glass ashtrays.

Booze or no booze. this city has always known how to party. On my last night in Tangier, spying someone setting up a projector in an empty dirt lot beneath the Kasbah, I stumbled upon Nuits Sonores, an annual festival of film, fashion, and sound-Tangier's version of SXSW. The main event would be held across town that night in a grand old palace surrounding a

palm-treed courtyard.
Bands and DJs would
play till 4 a.m. in an ornate
sultan's lair dolled up
in tiles and chandeliers.
Amazingly, the whole
thing was free. I took a
taxi. It cost a dollar.
—NICK MARINO.

Yep, Moroccan rooms really do look like this.

The skyline is a jumble of modern and medieval.

Before you go, read Paul Bowles's Tangier-inspired novel *The Sheltering Sky.*

A nosh at Le Salon Bleu, one of the city's many hidden roof decks.

The upstairs lounge is just one reason to stay at Hôtel Nord-Pinus.

At Instagrammable Café Hafa, the tea is cheap and the view is free.

The Nuits Sonores fest takes over the city.











STAR GIFT BETSEY JOHNSON

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Active vest with nylon tote bag. Misses. 89.50. ★ WebID 2371039.



STAR GIFT LACOSTE Men's cotton classic pique polo. 89.50. ★ WebID 2325159.



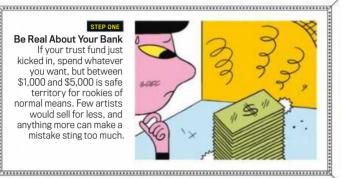
STAR GIFT VINCE CAMUTO Jemma leather satchel. \$248. ★ WebID 2453147.







Be Real About Your Bank If your trust fund just kicked in, spend whatever you want, but between \$1,000 and \$5,000 is safe territory for rookies of normal means. Few artists would sell for less, and anything more can make a mistake sting too much.



How to Start in Art

The crusty, insular world of art collecting is opening up— and not just to hedge funders with huge bankrolls. (Just take a look at the crowds—and the parties—at Art Basel in Miami.) But your first big purchase is always the hardest. Here's how to buy Saatchi-smart



Find Your Inner Critic

In that price range, you can swing a print from an established artist or hunt around in "emerging artist" territory: someone with talent and the potential to explode. So where do you look?

YOUR INSTAGRAM

FEED: Follow a few bigger galleries, like @davidzwirner and @regenprojects, and also renowned artists you like. Then listen to whom they hype.

YOUR WEB BROWSER:

Hit up artnet.com for its news, artspace .com for its gallery

connections, paddle8 .com to get a feel for prices, and artsy.net, the Wiki of the art world.

YOUR FEET: Visit galleries: big ones for inspiration and range of styles, small ones to see who's building a name. That's where you'll likely make your first purchase.

Don't Be Shy

Galleries can feel like silent retreats. Your job is to speak up, says art curator Elaine Ronson, co-founder of ArtKapsule. If you see a piece you like, grill the bored desk attendant.

"What does it mean?"

Repressed aggression, or a splatter-paint ode to Skrillex? Or both? 'How does it fit with the artist's body of work?" Is it from her less loved WTF period, or a major breakthrough in her theme

and process? Can I have a discount?"

It's not guaranteed, but galleries like helping first-time buyers who might return for more.

gwwwwwwwwwww

And Sofia Coppola Reminds You to Not Forget Photography



"My first purchase was a Bill Owens photo from his series on suburbia. My mother bought it for me at an art fair in San Francisco. I started with photographyit's more affordable. I continued to buy photos when I could-William Eggleston, Lee Friedlander, Tina Barney, And that extended to buying art-Richard Prince, Ed Ruscha, Elizabeth Pevton."



Straighten Up and Buy Right

When you're negotiating the price, know if framing and delivery are included—they're costly. And be sure to get a certificate of authenticity. Without one, the work may be difficult to appraise (and sell) down the line.

mannamanana



Take an Art-cation to Brazil

Itinerant art adviser <mark>Simon Watson</mark> left New York and landed in the next big art mecca: "The best place on the planet for new art is São Paulo. The Brazilian art scene is going to break out over the next 18 months. Visit galleries like Mendes Wood DM and Galeria Vermelho. I love New York as the great wholesaler of art. But for day-to-day excitement? São Paulo is it.'



What's your Brooks Brothers story?

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Instagram as you read this, swiping past a raft of babies that look like old people to find the beautiful stuff: the I-need-that coat of your dreams or the exotic vista that'll inspire your next vacation. We're surrounded by FOMO and consuming awesomeness at an elevated rate. As super-designer Roman Alonso (he's kitted out rooms for the Ace Hotel and Opening Ceremony) says, "Everyone has a more educated eye now." And we're hungry for what's next. Which is why GQ went to the seven people who would know—the arbiters of cool in music, style, design, and beyond—and asked: What will our +luxe, hashtag-worthy lives look like in 2016 and beyond?



Surefire predictions on the future good life



Every Day Will Be a Special Occasion

*From now on, luxury isn't just reserved for first-class tickets or five-figure fashion. A steady IV drip of tastefulness is available everywhere we turn. "Wes Anderson's Bar Luce in Milan, that he did with Prada, is a great example," Morgenstern says. "People expect a certain level of quality, an experience, even for the little things."



The Novelty of Screens Will Wear Off

"I've been using a thirdgeneration iPod with no 4G access," Hynes says. "That way, when I'm listening to music, I don't even have the option to get stuck surfing the Internet." That same off-the-grid sensibility is behind Lambert's celebrated "nomadic hotel and campground" in Marfa, where guests sleep in tepees (see left). "EI Cosmico is on 21 acres of land," she says, "and the only spot you can get Wi-Fi is the lobby."



All Your Stuff Will Have a Story

• Yeah, the Etsy-fication of everything got a little precious. (Handcrafted toothpicks? Really?) But the "artisan" movement reminded us to care about the process that leads to the product. Now we want to know our sweatshirts weren't sewn in sweatshops, want to meet the folks who make what we buy. "You could fake it before the Internet," Elliott says. "But now techniques have become transparent, and consumers are educated. It's beautiful. And it makes us designers sharper."



Analog and Digital Will Make Beautiful Music

• Even as our phones evolve and Siri prepares to tap directly into our frontal cortex, we'll still want a human touch. "I've always had a soft spot for the late '70s and early '80s, in terms of how technology was being introduced and melding together with art and music," Fu says. "A good example is Marvin Gaye's album Midnight Love. He was one of the first singers to use the Roland TR-808 drum machine. The song 'My Love Is Waiting' is a perfect marriage of tech and soulful sound."





ROMAN ALONSO

Co-founder of neo-hippie L.A.

design collective

Commune



JOHN ELLIOTT
The massively influential fashion designer who turned sweats into something swanky



WARREN FU
Visionary video
director for
Daft Punk and Julian
Casablancas



DEV HYNES
Normcore style icon
and recording
artist under the name
Blood Orange



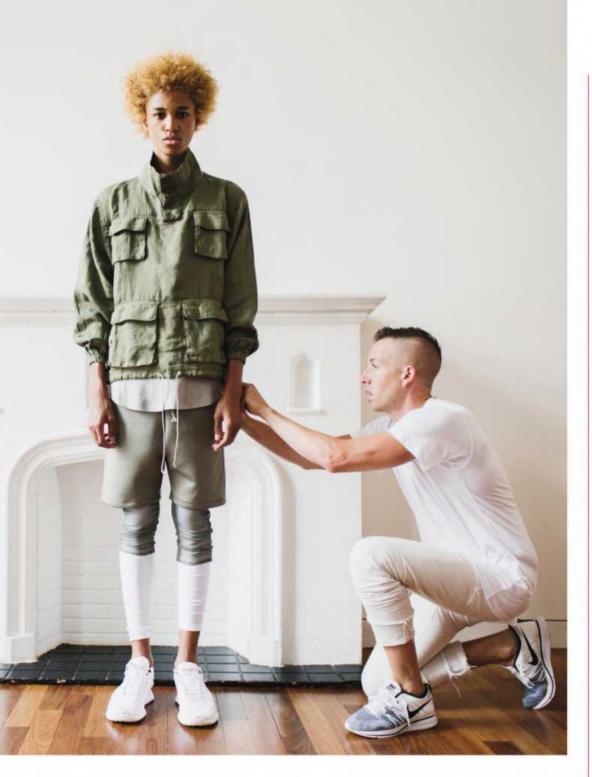
LIZ LAMBERT
Texas hotelier behind
the San Jose and Saint
Cecilia in Austin, and
El Cosmico in Marfa



MORGENSTERN
The man behind café El
Rey and Morgenstern's
Finest Ice Cream in N.Y.C.



JILL WENGER
Founder of the bicoastal
(Seattle and New York)
design-geek boutique
Totokaelo





How to dress when you're pulled in a million directions

 For too damn long, fashion loved itself some frivolousness. But as we tip into 2016, functionality is fashion. "On the daily, I'm thinking about comfort," Hynes says. "I'm skating or riding my bike to get to places, and I have basketball and soccer different nights of the week. I ask myself, 'Can I wear this being active—and maybe wear it to something else, too?" That spirit is affecting how designers approach a new season's

line and what lands on store shelves. "I'm into pure shapes without hidden pieces," Wenger says. "I want to see how something functions just by looking at it." That's why we can't stop wearing tailored sweatpants and those sartorial puffer jackets on page 108. It makes sense that designers like John Elliott here care as much about function as they do about shape, fit, and fabric: We're all hustling too hard for our clothes to hold us back.

RVICE

The magical places around the world that made the dopamine fly this year



The late, great Hotel Okura in Tokyo

• "I spent time there before it was destroyed this fall. The details were incredible. The design was so tied to midcentury Japan, but the natural materials made it feel totally modern. Those rooms had a lot of years left in them."-ALONSO



Galen Pehrson's 2015 exhibit at MAMA Gallery in L.A.

• "He created this trippy animated room where his work was projected on the floor and ceiling. I liked how visceral it was, standing in a room where someone had prepared a visual aesthetic and sound design. There's so much potential in that."-FU



Kanye West's stage at the 2015 Glastonbury festival

• "He used Par Can lights, like 750 of them, which is this old stage technology. Queen did it, the Jacksons did it. It looks like a massive spaceship when they're lit up. Kanye brought that look back but painted them all gold, meshing old and new."-FU





Big thoughts on next-wave tech, travel, and tunes



Albums for the Adderall Generation

• "A big thing I've been on lately is records made for shorter attention spans—albums that feel more like collages—like Paul's Boutique or the new Sporting Life record. Quick and jumpy, and your attention is darting from thing to thing."—HYNES



Yurts So Good

• "We're exploring where music fest meets hospitality. Is there a form of resort travel that is more stripped down? Are we staying in tepees, yurts, tree houses? It's about creating more of a community, an escape, not somewhere you just sleep and order room service."-LAMBERT



Sex, Drugs, and **Downloads**

• "I want an app that collects your lifestyle data: food consumption, alcohol, caffeine intake, exercise, sex, everything. The kids who party and do drugs, the next day they're like, 'I need my green juice.' This app would give the whole picture, seamlessly."—MORGENSTERN

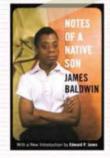
Who's influencing the most influential people in design?



· Left-field musician FKA Twigs, whose contortionist video "Pendulum" is reminiscent of Björk at her best.—FU



powerful **Ducati** motorcycle. -MORGENSTERN



 Writer James **Baldwin** in the '50s and '60s. "More than any other period, that was when people were very vocal and active about their beliefs."—HYNES

 Hardware purveyor **E.R.**

Butler & Co.,

which proves

that even drawer pulls can be stylish.

-ALONSO



• N.Y.C. jewelry designer **Anna** Sheffield, whose Lower East Side boutique is like the punk-rock Tiffany's. -MORGENSTERN





· Ken Friedman's New York restaurant, The Spotted **Pig.** "If someone else came along and said, 'I'm going

to build a dining room that

they'd blow it. But it works."

has like 955 pigs in there,

-MORGENSTERN

 The iconic chairs of dearly departed French

• The New York designer Lindsey Adelman, whose contemporary light fixtures are more like sculptures. —ALONSO

Retired baller

and permanent

for how he had

badass Allen Iverson.

"I love him for how

he played, his style,

supreme confidence

in himself, and how

you' to the league's

he basically said 'Fuck

higher-ups—and theu

had to deal with him. because he was a superstar."—ELLIOTT

Furniture designer

Tyler Hays, who makes every piece for his BDDW line

in his Philadelphia

designer Charlotte Perriand.—ALONSO

studio.—ALONSO



· "Fort Lonesome does beautifully designed embroidery by

hand and on

these 100-year-

old machines.

of time and heart

It takes a lot

and energy but creates something special. And it's totally analog." -I AMBERT







This is the decisive second.

The second when you act, the point of no return.

This is where you meet yourself.

This is where a new adventure begins.

This is the moment.

This is your time.



· Tesla cars can autonomously switch lanes; Musk says that within five years they'll drive themselves completely.

Following the current fashion for visionary technological geniuses to be portrayed through three critical moments in their lives,* here are three from Elon Musk's. Except, in this case, they all come from one single day-October 12, 2015, a Monday—a day that feels like it could've been pretty much any day in Musk's life right now.

1. Getting Mankind to Mars (While We Can)

MUSK STARTS MOST WORKWEEKS here at his rocket company, SpaceX, in an industrial suburb of Los Angeles, and each Monday, he explains to me, there is a brainstorm about "Mars colonial transport architecture." He says these words as though most people could look through their Monday schedule and find something similar.

There are many remarkable aspects to SpaceX: for instance, the way it has challenged accepted rocket manufacture by making rockets for a fraction of the cost; the way it has become the first private entity-rather than a country-to successfully launch spacecraft into orbit and then return; the way it went from an idea in Musk's head to a company that resupplies the International Space Station and that hopes to soon ferry astronauts back and forth. But the most remarkable fact about SpaceX is that-right from the start-it was explicitly intended as the means to another, far more grandiose and idealistic end: colonizing Mars. Musk has said that he feels this is imperative for two reasons. One is that it would be an inspiring adventure and we need such goals. The other is the long-term survival of humankind. If a calamity, self-made or otherwise, destroyed life on Earth, as long as a human colony was established elsewhere, the species could endure. To become multi-planetary, in Musk's mind, is just good common sense, a prudent move—"backing up the biosphere"-that he has likened to

backing up a computer: "You back up your hard drive.... Maybe we should back up life, too?"

SpaceX exists to further this quest on several fronts: to develop the reusable rocket technology that would be needed to ferry large numbers of people, and large amounts of cargo, to Mars; to earn money to finance this goal; and to work out exactly what it would take to get to and from Mars in the way that Musk envisions. If you didn't know what "Mars colonial transport architecture" was-that's what it is.

Musk and his colleagues aren't vaguely hypothesizing about how this might take place in some distant future generation—he believes the first manned Mars mission will be possible by the time he's in his fifties. He is now 44. The rocket that they are working on is referred to internally by the code name BFR. And it doesn't stand for some arcane, smarty-pants science term. It stands for Big Fucking Rocket.

I ask Musk if he really calls it that; his answer is both delightfully nerdy, and not.

"Well, there's two parts of it—there's a booster rocket and there's a spaceship. So the booster rocket's just to get it out of Earth's gravity because Earth has quite a deep gravity well and thick atmosphere. But the spaceship can go from Mars to Earth without any booster, because Mars's gravity is weaker and the atmosphere's thinner, so it's got enough capability to get all the way back here by itself. So, technically, it would be the BFR and the BFS." As in "Big Fucking Spaceship."

Musk coined these names himself. "This is a very obtuse video-game reference," he tells me. "In the original Doom, the gun that was like

the crazy gun was the BFG 9000 or something. So it was sort of named after the gun in Doom. But that's not its official name, of course." (For all the authority Musk projects in person, there is also something endearingly boyish and geeky about him, even when he isn't saying things like this.)

I ask Musk how often he actually thinks about colonizing Mars. Every day? Every week? "I do think about it a fair bit," he answers, explaining that part of his urgency is that we might not always have the technology to get there. Most of us instinctively assume that technology relentlessly marches ever forward, but there have been periods in human history—after the Egyptians built the Pyramids, for instance, or after the multiple advances of the Roman Empire—when the civilizations that followed could no longer do what could be done before, and perhaps there's a complacency and arrogance in assuming that this won't happen again.

"There's a window that could be opened for a long time or a short time where we have an opportunity to establish a self-sustaining base on Mars," he reasons, "before something happens to drive the technology level on Earth below where it's possible. So does the base become self-sustaining before spaceships from Earth stop going?... I mean, I don't think we can discount the possibility of a third world war. You know, in 1912 they were proclaiming a new age of peace and prosperity, saying war was over. And then you had World War I followed by World War II followed by the Cold War. So I think we need to acknowledge that there's certainly a possibility of a third world war, and let's say nuclear weapons are used. I mean, there could be a powerful social movement that's anti-technology. There's also growth in religious extremism. Like, I mean, does ISIS grow ...?"

Ironically, Musk himself recently advocated the use of nuclear weapons, during an appearance on The Late Show with Stephen Colbert. One possible strategy for making Mars habitable over the long term is to "terraform" it-manipulate its environment so, in the simplest terms, the planet warms up, water melts, and plants can be introduced, which will convert the atmospheric carbon dioxide into oxygen, with the goal of creating a stable and breathable atmosphere. (Musk's favored line on this subject: "It's a fixer-upper of a planet.") He told Colbert that there are slower and faster ways to do this, and then he proposed a fast way: "Drop thermonuclear weapons over the poles."

Musk has since somewhat clarified this, explaining that his idea (currently impossible, as if that's ever bothered him) is to have two small repeatedly detonating fusion bombs, one at each pole. "Not really nuclear weapons," he says. "I think a lot of people don't realize that the sun is a giant fusion explosion. And we're only talking about duplicating that in small form on Mars, essentially having tiny pulsing suns. There would be no radiation or mushroom clouds or fallout or anything like that."

Musk says his company's designs "look a bit more like space suits in the movies. Unfortunately those things don't work. They just work in Hollywood."

^{*}See Aaron Sorkin's mythic reimagining of Steve Jobs in



It's time to believe in yourself.

WILLIAM ANTHONY PARKER

TONY PARKER.

IS A FRENCH PROFESSIONAL
BASKETBALL PLAYER IN THE
NBA, ONE OF THE MOST
TALENTED IN THE WORLD.
HE HAS PROVEN THAT
MEASURING 1.88 METERS
IS NOT AN OBSTACLE
FROM REACHING THE TOP,
TONY IS WEARING A CHEMIN DES
TOURELLES AUTOMATIC WITH A
POWERMATIC 80 MOVEMENT WITH
UP TO 80 HOURS OF POWER RESERVE





• The long-term goal of SpaceX is pretty modest: colonize Mars, establish a "backup plan" for all of humanity.

Either way, when it comes to these big decisions about terraforming, he's also clear about how they should be made, and by whom: "This would be up to the Martians."

The Martians. By which he means, at least in the early going, those of us who choose-and Musk can talk in a way that makes a thought like this sound not only sane, but sensible-to become interplanetary pioneers.

2. Inventing Autopiloting Cars (by Thursday)

MUSK RUNS ANOTHER multi-billion-dollar company with ambitions to revolutionize our life: Tesla, which hopes to achieve this by accelerating the adoption of the electric car. Typically, Musk begins and ends his week in Southern California; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, he's in Northern California at Tesla. But although on this day Musk is at SpaceX, taking whatever time he can to imagine Mars-bound rocketry, this particular week is being dominated by Tesla.

Three days from now, the latest Tesla car update will be released. Teslas are electric cars. but they are different from most other cars in a number of other ways-one is that improvements can be uploaded remotely, in the same way as phones and laptops. Tesla owners are notified about an update, then advised to schedule and automatically download it overnight. Some updates are small, some are big. This new update (the tenth major one since the cars were launched) is as big as they come; it's what Tesla calls "Autopilot." In Tesla's sedan—the Model S, which I had test-driven a week earlier-you could already set the cruise control and the car would accelerate and decelerate according to the traffic it sensed all around it. But this update is more fundamental—a huge step toward a self-driving car. Beginning on Thursday, updated Tesla cars should be able to follow the lanes on a highway without driver steering. The car will also change lanes automatically—all you have to do is tap the indicator and it will move over when it is safe.

Oddly. Musk talks about these advances as though they're not even that big a deal. It might feel like the future to us, but to him it's as though this is an almost banal iteration of what people in his field know can be done quite easily already. (He quotes William Gibson's dictum: "The future is already here, it's just unevenly distributed.")

But that's if the update works. It is Monday evening, and from what Musk tells me, there's lots to be done before Thursday. "The thing that's tricky," he explains, "is that there are a lot of corner cases with steering." (A "corner case" is a technical engineering term denoting an extreme event that occurs outside normal operating bounds—not, specifically, anything to do with cars turning corners. Dialogue with Elon Musk, even when he is talking to regular people, is littered with such terms: "corner cases," "forcing functions"... There's only so much dumber that he's prepared to be. Either you keep up or you don't.)

A corner case, when it comes to a car steering itself, is clearly a problem. "It's easy to get the steering to work 99 percent of the time," he explains. "But 99 percent is not good enough. One percent of steering into a wall is not...not good. You really need to get it to 99.99 percent of the time. And even then, when the system is losing confidence, it needs to inform the driver so the driver can take over with enough time before anything terrible happens."

That's still being worked on for Thursday?

"Well, there's some tweaks that are gonna occur. There aren't any major issues, but there's some minor issues that would be good to take care of by Thursday."

Two days later, when he holds a press conference to formally announce what is coming, he will err on the side of caution, in a very Elon Musk way: "It should not hit pedestrians, hopefully." Still, the fact is that we will soon be in a world that many people have no idea is so close at hand: where vehicles can essentially drive themselves. "Technologically, I think it's about three years away for full autonomy."

To Musk, the bigger picture is about a different paradigm shift—the shift to electric cars, which is simply a given in Musk's mind. It's by far the most energy-efficient option, even when electricity is generated from fossil fuels, and he can eagerly proffer the evidence to prove it. Once the historic disadvantages of electric cars (low range, slow and inconvenient charging, unattractive designs, high cost) have been overcome, they become the obvious choice. His stated mission with Tesla is to accelerate the changeover so that it happens years earlier than it otherwise might; he has built the company up by introducing the high-end Roadster sports car, then



Once, twice, three times a Man of the Year! (Four times, a president.) These are a few of the men who have been included in MOTY more than anyone else. Two of them are on the covers of this issue



Barack Obama El Presidente



Tom Brady The GOAT



Pat Riley King of the '90s



Kanye West Yeezus



Michael Jordan His Airness



the Model S sedan, and most recently the new SUV Model X, but the core of this plan is the next-generation Tesla, the Model 3, intended as a mass-market car whose basic model will start at \$35,000. The week after we meet, Tesla suffers a rare blip when Consumer Reports downgrades its previous ecstatic recommendation of the Model S after troubling reliability reports. (Musk pushed back on Twitter, claiming that these were mainly already-solved problems with early production vehicles, and he accurately noted "CR says 97% of owners expect their next car to be a Tesla.") But it is with the Model 3 that Musk will truly either succeed or fail.

This has been the plan all along, incidentally. In August 2006, before the first Tesla car was finished, Musk published a blog post on Tesla's website, the end of which reads: So, in short, the master plan is: Build sports car. Use that money to build an affordable car. Use that money to build an even more affordable car.... Don't tell anyone.

3. Designing a Space Suit (That Looks Cool)

ELON MUSK HAS PLENTY of other ideas. If anyone asks and he has a moment to explain, he'll talk distractedly of as-yet-unrealized concepts-for instance, a vertical takeoff-and-landing supersonic electric jet for long-distance travel, and an entirely new form of transport that he's named the Hyperloop, which would propel people at high speed through tubes on cushions of air. (He also has a third multi-billion-dollar company, SolarCity, which makes and installs solar panels-it's run by two of his cousins but was his idea.) He is a man with the rare problem of having more ideas for how to radically change our world than time to realize them.

Still, you do what you can. And so this Monday evening, his mind is on space suits. Right now, specifically, he needs to go see the latest secret prototype of a new kind of space suit-the first space suit to be made by a private rocket company for astronauts to wear into orbit and beyond, which he hopes will go into use in 2017.

"We're trying to have a good balance between aesthetics and functionality," he explains. "It's tricky to have something that works in reality and looks good."

Whenever Musk sets his mind to something, there is a plan, but then, behind that, there's often also a bigger plan. To Musk, it's obvious that this new space suit not only needs to work well but also needs to look cool, because he needs people-regular people like you and me-to imagine themselves wearing it.

"If we're to inspire the next generation to want to go beyond Earth," he says, "they have to think they want to wear that suit one day. The easiest way to make a pressure suit work is to make it very bulky, and have lots of things poking out." He laughs, and then offers another illustration that the way Elon Musk's mind works is both quite brilliant and quite unusual: "One of the more embarrassing things about space suits is that the

backside kind of pooches out pretty bad. I don't know if you've seen any of the Soyuz space suits?"

I concede that I can't bring to mind a rear view.

"That's because they never show you that angle!" he says, as though vindicated. "It's really bad." Then he swivels around to the computer behind him and actually does a Google image search to show me. "You can barely stand upright," he says, scrolling. All the views that come up are front-on, but this, he proclaims, only proves his point. "They always kind of avoid the side image."

He goes on to explain the underlying physics dilemma: "Imagine that you've got to be able to bend over but it's rigid material—then, when you stand up, it's gonna pooch out really significantly in the back. So we wanted to have something which would not do that."

So, I ask, you can mitigate big-butt space syndrome?

"Yeah," he replies, though a bit uncertainly, as though he's not convinced I've accurately diagnosed the technical parameters of the problem. "We just wanted it to look good. Feel good."

Do your suits look anything like space suits have looked before?

"They look a bit more like space suits in the movies," he says. "Unfortunately those things don't work. They just work in Hollywood."

Toward the end of our conversation, Musk starts getting periodic reminders, ever more insistently, that he is late to this meeting to review the latest space-suit prototype. No one outside of a few select insiders has seen the suit, I am told, but eventually he invites me to come take a look, as long as I don't describe the suit itself.

Earlier in the day, I'd been taken on a tour of the SpaceX factory, within which there is an area that approved guests are allowed to tour, where the rockets, capsules, and engines are fabricated. There is nothing boring about anywhere inside a rocket factory, but I also knew there were areas that no one is allowed to see. We head into one of these areas now, until we reach a glass-walled room identified as space suit development.

Inside, a man is waiting, a little awkwardly, in a next-generation SpaceX astronaut suit, visor open. He stands there for the next 20 minutes as Musk and his team discuss it. Other versions, presumably earlier or alternative prototypes, hang on a rack in the back of the room. Musk is not at all overbearing, but he asks a lot of very specific questions—about fabrics, about colors, about placements—and he makes comments about what is and is not flattering. They discuss some of the practical constraints imposed by the fact that this suit has to work in space. There's also quite a lot of laughter. Musk seems both pleased and dissatisfied with what he is seeing: he has plenty of suggestions for improvements. Still, I think it would be fair to say that his description-more like space suits in the movies—is a pretty good one. And I trust he won't mind my observing that there is no sign whatsoever of pooching.

CHRIS HEATH is a GQ correspondent.



It requires an extraordinary amount of charisma, success, and GQ-ness to get into MOTY. But it doesn't necessarily require pants. Here are some of our favorite naked, wet, and hairy MOTYs from years past



• Pete Sampras, paragon of '90s athleticism (and hirsuteness), gazes meaningfully from our pages with a look that says, "The netting in this bathing suit is giving me a wedgie."



• It got to the point where Michael Phelps started wandering the streets in a Speedo, with a full bucket at the ready for passing paparazzi.



· Last we saw Danny McBride, he was serenading a family picnic with a strategically placed guitar.





Drake vs. Meek Mill

THE BEEF: Meek Mill, angry that Drake had failed to tweet a link to his new album, accused him of employing a ghostwriter. In response, Drake did some writing of his own. Ever since, Mill has been, well, kinda meek.

THE WINNER: Drake, obviously. And all of us. THE CUT: Rib

eye. "A truly great cut of meat from the back of the cow. Reminds me of Drake's diss track 'Back to Back.'



Lee Daniels vs. Sean Penn

THE BEEF: Asked about his Empire star's history of alleged domestic violence, the show's co-creator. Lee Daniels, replied that Terrence Howard "ain't done nothing different than... Sean Penn." Penn begged to differwith a \$10 million lawsuit.

THE WINNER: Let's just say both men lost and leave it at that. THE CUT: Oxtail. "It's the cut closest to the asshole?

Lil Wayne vs. Birdman & **Young Thug**



THE BEEF: Wayne leveled a \$51 million lawsuit against Birdman's Cash Money Records after his new LP was delayed. Young Thug was then suspected of involvement in a shooting at Wayne's tour bus in Birdman solidarity. He also titled his new mixtage Barter 6—a reference to Wayne's still delayed Tha Carter V.

THE WINNER: Lawyers. Lots of 'em.
THE CUT: Blade steak. "Same as flat irons, but butchers upsell them with a new name. It's smoke and mirrors.'

If you weren't in a fight with someone in 2015, then you weren't really part of the year. To celebrate pop culture in a time of 100 percent grass-fed Twitter fights and non-bovine-growth-hormone arguments, we offer this carnivorous guide to the year's beefs, with their metaphorical cuts of beef selected by New York butcher Lee Desrosiers



vs. Tom Brady

THE BEEF: All-

probably-sorta

world QB maybe-

cheats; commish

reacts as if Brady

finds commish to

have overreached,

had committed

murder; judge

fatefully. Brady

12.5 pounds per

THE CUT: Short

ribs. "It's fat and

it's very, very juicy."

smirks. THE WINNER:

Brady, by

square inch.

Blade Steak

Filet Mignon Rib Eye Oxtail Tongue Heel Steak Short Ribs Roger Goodell



Robert Durst vs. Andrew Jarecki

THE BEEF: Robert Durst agreed to participate in director Jarecki's The Jinx, an HBO documentary on the real estate scion's alleged involvement in two murders and one disappearance spanning three decades. Jarecki surgically breaks down Durst's

defenses over the course of four and a half hours.

THE WINNER: Jarecki, after Durst apparently confesses once the cameras stop rolling but his mic is still hot.

THE CUT: Heel steak. "It's buried under sinewy, tough muscle. You have to pull it out from the bullshit.'



Floyd Mayweather Jr. vs. Manny Pacquiao

THE BEEF: This was supposed to be the fight of the century, right? How else to justify the \$99.95 pay-per-view price tag, the highest of all time? Only it came five years too late: Manny too slow to chase Floyd around the ring, and Floyd too careful to step in and throw hands.

THE WINNER: No one. Domestic abuser Mayweather walked away with over \$200 million and a boring win, and we all felt awful about it.

THE CUT: Filet mignon. "It's the most expensive meat, and people feel the need to get excited about it, but it's flavorless. A total rip-off.



Donald Trump vs. Megyn Kelly

THE BEEF: After Kelly challenged Trump in the first GOP debate, Trump took to Twitter with some playground vitriol and then later suggested the tough questions came because of her menstrual cycle. Fox News and Trump buried the hatchet before things got ugly, but only one feuder emerged without resorting to misogyny. Then, unable to set aside his pride, Trump dug up the hatchet once more.

THE WINNER: Kelly may've won this battle, but Trump and his miraculous campaign are out to win the war. THE CUT: Tongue. "Trump definitely should've held his."





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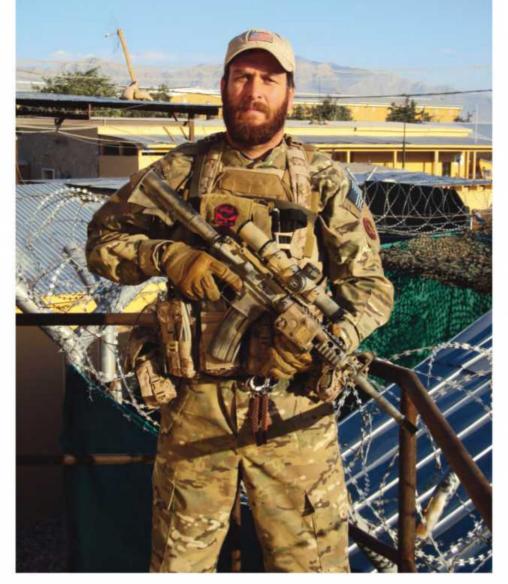
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YEARS OF INTERNATIONAL CONCEPTS°



• Beck in Afghanistan in 2010, during one of seven combat deployments over a 20-year career as a Navy Seal.

Winter 1996

CHRIS BECK WAS never one of your gargantuan-type Navy Seals. There are those types, of course, men chiseled from granite at 120 percent human scale, men who seem to drain several drams of testosterone from everyone else when they walk into a room. But you'd be surprised at the body types you find in the Seal teams. Your smaller fellows, your stringy fellows, the guy with almost literally zero percent body fat who had to eat two Papa John's pizzas every day through Seal training just so he wouldn't die of hypothermia in the water. Chris himself was on the smaller side, more like an undersized walk-on linebacker who lacked the size and pedigree of some of his more highly recruited peers but played with an intensity and pain tolerance that endeared him to coaches and TV commentators.

And yet, as he slipped on a pair of panty hose in his sailboat on this night in 1996, Chris couldn't help wishing he were more petite, more womanly. He always wanted that when he wore women's clothing. To be just a little bit prettier. It felt good even to wish that.

Chris finished putting on his outfit and walked barefoot up the ladder and onto the deck of his boat. Dusk was fast disappearing in San Diego Bay, the red lights of the Coronado Bridge blinked on, the weaponized beachhead of the naval station loomed cloud-colored to the west. Chris was 30 years old then, living on a 48-foot wooden William Garden ketch that he'd bought in a state of disrepair for \$12,000 and fixed himself. He opened a Sam Adams, the beer of patriots, and had a seat. He was wearing a wig, and the way it felt in the wind called up a pleasant feeling of longing. Chris loved the deck of his boat at night. He could feel the inhuman mass of the ocean shifting beneath him and hear the clanking of the rigging and the water against the timber hull, which just sounded better than it does on fiberglass. But otherwise he was erased from the world, "Being invisible," he thought, "is a relief."

He'd flown back from a training deployment in Thailand earlier in the week. He'd taken a taxi from the base to a garage he rented, picked up his motorcycle, and ridden it down to Fiddler's Cove.

He'd undressed to his shorts, stuffed his clothes in a plastic bag, and swam the half mile to the sailboat he lived on-it was cheaper than sharing a house, like most of the other, younger Seals stationed in Coronado did. He'd found his boat, as always, sealed up tight. He would leave it spotless, because he never knew when fate would dictate that he wouldn't be the one opening it up. It was part of the process of shipping out, a ritualized preparation for death that would always have a kind of dreadful power over him. The washing of bedclothes, the bleaching of sinks, the removal of any speck of organic matter, the rewriting of his "dead letters" to be distributed to his friends and relatives should he not return, all of them signed with that quote from the end of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, "Thanks for all the fish." Of course. Chris also had to purge all his panty hose and dresses and wigs and shoes-"I want to have honor in death" was how he thought about it.

Over the course of his 20-year career, Chris would serve in the Balkans during the civil war there. He would serve during the first Gulf War; fight pirates across the Horn of Africa; drive into Iraq in 2003 ahead of the invasion. He would spend years on small firebases in Afghanistan, snatching Taliban leaders; operate alone in the tribal belt along the Pakistan border, wearing a long beard and Pashtun garb, convening with Taliban agents and tribal warlords. Though it's certain he's killed people, I'm not privy to the details, because I know that to ask such questions is to reveal something truly base in myself. But I know Chris would be awarded the Bronze Star with valor, the Purple Heart, the Meritorious Service Medal, and about 50 other ribbons and medals. He would dislocate a shoulder, shatter a kneecap, be hit by a rocket-propelled grenade on his fortieth birthday, break two vertebrae in his back on a boat near Somalia and complete the mission anyway, and fly home sleeping among the flag-draped coffins of 19 of his brothers.

But even coming back from a training deployment in Thailand, it would usually take Chris a few days to find the release valve on his psyche. And by tonight he'd gotten the boat all opened up and aired out-made a run to get beer and another to a vintage store where he bought his dresses and shoes. And now, sitting there on the deck, he finally felt relaxed.

He'd had a few beers when he saw the running lights on a boat nearby switch on. His friend Mike was home. Mike had been a good friend since Seal training and was also living on a boat in Fiddler's Cove. Chris had a thought-he would go over and visit Mike. He considered it for a long time. And then he found himself climbing down the ladder of his boat, careful not to rip the dress. He got into his dinghy and began rowing toward Mike's boat. He stopped for a moment and drifted. What the fuck was I thinking? But of course, being Chris, he found it impossible not to confront something, once the idea had occurred to him. Forward progress was irresistible to him.

"I was just volunteering for a lot of missions," Kristin said. "It wasn't suicidal, but I wasn't trying that hard to stay around."



"Hey," Chris called from the dark. "You home, brother? Mind if I come up for a beer?"

"That you, Chris?" Mike called back. "Come on up."

Chris tied his dinghy. He climbed up out of the dark and onto the boat, where Mike was sitting in a deck chair. Chris stepped out in bare feet, in the little black wig and some lipstick and blush that he didn't really know how to apply. He smiled at Mike, like an idiot.

"Whoa, dude," Mike said. "What? What's up with the dress?'

"Well," Chris said, "I like to do this sometimes." Chris could feel his heart beating in his mouth now. There was a feeling he had parachuting out of helicopters at night that he called *jumping into* the black. It was the embodiment of risk: You were leaping into a dangerous unknown. And that's what Chris thought of, standing there. On weekends he sometimes ventured out, as he called it, dressed-the fear of being caught appealed to the part of him that was addicted to risk. But if Mike did not react well, Chris's career would be over.

When I spoke to him this fall, Mike said he believed this had been Chris's way of asking Mike if he wanted to have a relationship. He was a stranger to her own feelings then, and he thinks this must have been some blind way of trying to figure it out.

"I'm from California, so I'm cool," Mike said. "But never let the guys see this."

They changed the subject. Chris and Mike drank beer for a couple of hours as if everything were normal; then Chris got back in his dinghy and rowed home. They never talked about it

"It was buried in my brain, I guess," Mike said when we spoke. "Because I didn't remember it at all. I hadn't thought of it until his sister called me 15 years later and said, 'He's starting to dress more and more.' I guess that was how it all changed."

Winter 2014

I HAVE BEEN IN conversation with Kristin Beck for a year and a half. If you consider that five years ago there was no such person named Kristin Beck. you could say that I've known her for 30 percent of her life. That first time I saw Kristin, in 2014, she was a vision. Stepping out of an exit at Logan Airport at the end of an awful winter. The wind catching the hem of her burled wool dress as she clutched her lapel closed against the cold. She looked glamorous but chaste in her stockings and patent leather purse, like a flight attendant from a religiously conservative country. This was, I assumed, the person who had been living, latent, inside Chris Beck for years. A person in panty hose, enveloped in a cloud of floral perfume. And now that the inside matched the outside, or so the narrative was supposed to go, Kristin Beck was the woman she was always meant to be. There was someone else at the airport to meet Kristin, too. Kristin had flown up to give a talk to an LGBT group at Harvard, and a woman had offered to be Kristin's host for the weekend. They'd never met,

but they'd been nurturing this deep e-mail friendship, and it seemed to me the woman was a little starstruck. She'd brought an enormous bouquet of flowers—a great volume of freesia and roses that seemed in constant danger of combusting in the wind—and now she made a show of presenting it. I guess Kristin had confessed in an e-mail that she'd never been given flowers. All her life she'd imagined what it'd be like to be greeted at the airport with roses and told how beautiful she looked. This was a moment of wish fulfillment for Kristin Beck. She was making up for lost time.

Everyone, it seemed, was a little starstruck. That night I had dinner with her and a local couple at a basement sushi restaurant in Boston. He was a cop out of Worcester with a salt-and-pepper goatee and two sleeves of tattoos; she was a transgender woman of East Asian descent with stunning makeup-flawless skin and lips that appeared to be made of pink tinted glass. We were all assembled at this table because we wanted to be near Kristin Beck. And it wasn't the transgender part we were most fascinated by, it was the Navy Seal part. It's hard to remember that there was a time when people didn't really know what Navy Seals were, a time before Captain Phillips and American Sniper and Lone Survivor and Zero Dark Thirty and No Easy Day, before we'd conducted the better part of a decade and a half of combat that seemed to center around the American Special Forces. And here we were, in the presence of a former member of Seal Team 6, the very unit responsible for the events depicted in all those books and movies, a person who'd been given a front-row seat to possibly the most secretive, militaristic era in American history. Every time Kristin even looked at the cop's girlfriend, the girlfriend giggled, covering her mouth with her hand as if she were embarrassed of her teeth.

"I was always real good at rugby," Kristin was telling us, recounting the kind of kid she was. "I was good at running sports, not glamour sports. I played football, but I was more of a linebacker type than a quarterback type. I guess I was always an outsider." Kristin speaks in a kind of husky whisper, and there's a preternatural calm about her. A resting heart rate of probably like 10. All the Seals I talked to were like this. But in Kristin there are also resonant strains of a bruised gentleness.

Kristin Beck was born Chris Beck 49 years ago to a football coach and a housewife in the blizzard belt of the Northeast. She spent her early years with her four brothers and sisters living in your greater Buffalos, your eastern Pennsylvanias. They shot guns; they drove trucks. You might be tempted to say that from the beginning, two selves began to form in that single body, Kristin and Chris. A bifurcated soul. Like twins, only one of them had consumed the other, so the second grew only inside. Kristin started wearing girls' clothes when she was only 5 years old. In junior high, she'd pretend to be sick so she could stay home and wear her sister's dresses and panty hose—her whole life, she would keep a stash somewhere, collect and purge-and then put everything away before her mother got home in the afternoon.



They're well groomed, well trained, and just happy to be here. (The animals, too)



• Oh, model? We thought you said monkey. (2007)



· Who can pull off a flock of pigeons better than John Malkovich? (2008)



 We found something Simon Cowell doesn't hate. (2007)

HONORABLE MENTIONS: James Ellroy's dog Barko (Men of the Year 1998) and the tiny Chihuahua clinging to Adrien Brody's mesh tank top (Men of the Year 2003)



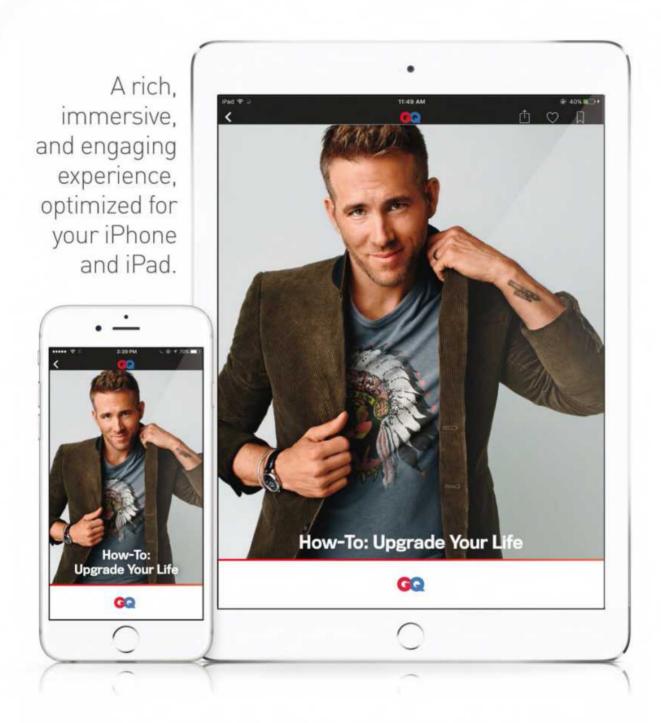
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Until the age of 45, she largely "dressed" only in the privacy of her own home, but every Halloween she'd go out as a cheerleader or a nurse.

And meanwhile, Chris was a boy. And not just physically. Chris seemed to possess a concentrated strain of boyness. He might not have been the biggest kid, but there was never anyone he was afraid to fight. He loved guns. He loved motorcycles, and he bought his own when he was in high school. And when his mother forbade him to have a motorcycle, he moved out of his house and spent the winter in the woods in upstate New York.

"If you pick a really good pine tree, that provides real nice shelter for you. And underneath are just layers of pine needles, so that's your bed," Kristin told me. "I was good with my hands, so I built a lean-to that turned out pretty good. I used to eat my meals at this halfway house. I would always hang out with the Vietnam vets. I don't know, I was always just drawn to kinda messed-up combat vets."

From as long as anyone can remember, it wasn't that Chris was comfortable with confrontation. It was more like he needed it. "There was something about Chris," Kristin's college friend Ron told me, "where he had to challenge himself. He had to break down the front door. We played lacrosse together at Virginia Military Institute, and Chris Beck wasn't what you'd call a finesse player. He wanted to run right through you, not go around. Or like, it was not unusual for me to get into a situation where Chris had challenged an entire fraternity to a fight."

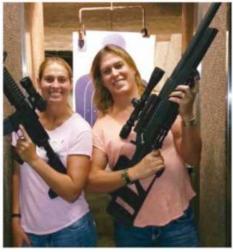
Spring 2014

WHAT'S THE SCARIEST thing you've ever done?

"One was parachuting out of a plane into the ocean with so much gear I was pretty sure I was going to drown, but knowing it was my job to do it, so I couldn't back out. The other was walking out of the house in a dress. I just wish I was prettier! Then I wouldn't just be a dude in a dress."

Have people confronted you in public like that? "Yeah. Like, I remember once I was at a bar and a dude was laughing at me and getting in my face. And I was like, 'I'm taking my shoes off, and then I'm going to start fighting. And if I do that, I'm





• Beck, clockwise from top left, in the Panama Canal in 1992, supporting Thai special forces in 1994, and with her wife (left) last fall.

gonna hurt you real bad. And it's gonna be a dude in a dress hurting you real bad, and your friends are over there watching.' When I turn that on, people can just tell not to mess with me. So I let him walk away and pretend that I backed down."

What do you think about Caitlyn Jenner?

"I'd love to have nothing about Caitlyn Jenner in this story. What does she represent? She represents living in a Hollywood bubble with bodyguards and getting whatever she wants. It's reality TV, which isn't real at all. What does she have to do with the rest of America? She doesn't represent me. Or the girls who have nothing and are forced into sex work. Our ability not to be objectified, our ability not to be sexualized."

Fall 2014

ONCE, IN NEW YORK, Kristin told me she still wrote dead letters. At this point, Kristin seemed to be shedding stuff. She'd been long divorced by now-she was married and had two children back in her Seal days, family it is still painful for her to discuss. And now she'd sold her house in Tampa and was living in an RV. But still, whenever she went on a trip, she couldn't help but fall back on the old rituals. "When I left to come up to New York," she told me, "I'm making everything all neat in the RV, and everything's put away. And I still have my dead letters and a couple of piles of stuff to give people. So if I die, everything's neat."

Over the course of her time in the Seals, that release valve she used to find on the deck of her boat got harder to locate. She'd come home from deployment and drink. She'd punch holes in walls. She'd ride her motorcycle all night, ditch it on her front lawn, and sleep on the floor of the garage.

"I was just volunteering for a lot of missions," Kristin said when I asked her about the toll these two enormous stresses (what she was doing for work and what she was hiding from everyone) took on her. "And like the kind of missions I was doing, they were like really trying to be in the thick of it. I think I had a lot of that I don't care attitude. It was an internal struggle. It wasn't suicidal, but I wasn't trying that hard to stay around."

But she would always dress. She would fly home from months of doing two or three missions a night, it's safe to assume from killing people with her bare hands, and she would close the door to her bedroom and secretly put on dresses and panty hose and wigs and makeup. Even after missions sometimes, when she'd return to a firebase to sleep for a few hours, she would let her mind drift and start thinking about dressing just to try to relax.

Spring 2015

WHEN WAS the first time you had sex?

"It was in college. The first couple years at VMI, I still hadn't had sex. First time I ever had sex with a girl, it was 1988, so I was 21."

Why do you think you hadn't had sex?

"I think I was scared? I don't know, it was just never an obsession for me. It just never clicked."

Have you ever had sexual experiences with men?

"Once. I realized pretty quickly it wasn't for

What do you think people misunderstand about you, sexually?

"When I wear these clothes, all of this, there is zero sex to it. It's not a turn-on, it's not a fetish. It makes me feel relaxed is how I can best describe it. It's a decompression."

Fall 2015

THE LAST TIME I was with Kristin, she had just gotten married to a woman, a young Air Force sergeant-Kristin had sold the RV and was living on a farm in Maryland. She met me wearing a black turtleneck sweater and jeans. It had been a year and a half since I first saw her, and the flight attendant in the red dress seemed to be gone; Kristin said she doesn't really wear that many dresses now. In 2013, when she first told friends she was transgender, she figured she was going to become a woman. She had started hormone therapy and was in discussions with a doctor about gender-reassignment surgery. But that's changed.

ALWAYS ON. WIRED.COM/STORE

"I still like to dress up sometimes. I like to be beautiful. But on a normal day, I'm driving around my farm in my boots."

She's now stopped the hormone therapy because it was damaging her kidneys, and she's decided not to have surgery.

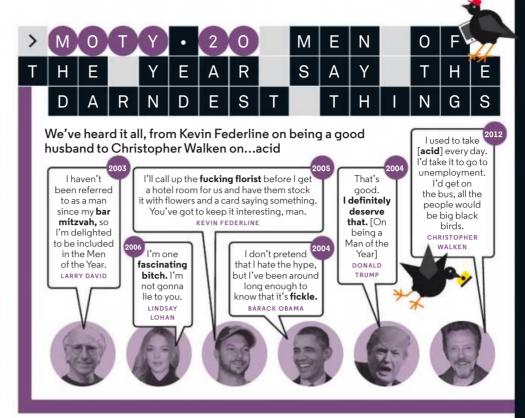
When I tell people about Kristin Beck, they tend to have theories. A popular one is that she was born a woman, but in a man's body. And that the psychic terror it caused drove her to become a Navy Seal. She was driven to go someplace where they would never let you become a woman. And for a while, that's what Kristin believed, too. That she was pretending to be one thing but was really another. But since I met her, she's realized that she has not been born again. She has not shed a false identity for a true one. "I am still 100 percent Chris Beck. He's here," she says. "Part of me is still that Conan the Barbarian. I would always have been a Navy Seal, no matter if I'd been open about who I was earlier. I wouldn't have been happy if I hadn't." Kristin Beck is a woman who likes to ride standing up on her 1960 Harley-Davidson (that she rebuilt by hand), who loves to give the gift of hand grenades, who talks fondly of her sniper rifle. And she also easily falls into reveries about wearing gorgeous dresses and having her picture taken. "Being told I'm pretty, being treated nice," she says. "I want that."

It's a weird thing to say, but talking about transgender people has become a trend. Which is a good thing. "Visibility is good," as Kristin says. But trends are also reductive and facile and sometimes dehumanizing while letting everyone off the hook. It's like using the hashtag Black Lives Matter and thinking-well, we took care of racial injustice, let's go have brunch. A trend usually fails to make a connection between people like Kristin Beck and the rest of us. Kristin Beck's story isn't just about the relatively small number of people who are born with the traits of a gender they don't identify with. Aren't most of us hiding some part of ourselves? Would we not, most of us, be terrified at having to walk out into the world with that part of ourselves on the outside? Are we not, often, made up of impulses and identities that seem like they can't exist together? What Kristin Beck is asking is: What happens if you feel like a Navy Seal and a woman in a red dress accepting a bouquet of flowers from an admirer at an airport? Are any of us really just one thing? Aren't we all made up of a bunch of conflicting identities (masculine and feminine, liar and self-righteous, etc.) that we'll never be able to make fit together? And how do we bear life, knowing we are so many things that can never be reconciled?

"You get this pressure to be one thing or another, to be binary," Kristin said. "In a way, it's not that different from anyone. My conflict is just a lot more visual."

Winter 2014

LATE ON THE AFTERNOON we first met, Kristin's host from the LGBT group suggested we go to a fortune-teller in Salem, Massachusetts.



Salem is a strange, bewitched little town. Part Ben & Jerry's, part occult Colonial ghosts. The light was dying as we crossed the brittle snow from the parking lot. The fortune-teller's name was High Priestess Lori Bruno, and she belonged to an order of witches. High Priestess Lori was in her mid-seventies. Come in, my sweets, come in, she said, welcoming us into a room choked with silver baubles and stained-glass lamps draped with silk scarves. She had a hard candy in her mouth. She looked at us, sucking on her butterscotch and murmuring approval like a grandmother beaming with pride at the miracle of what we'd become. High Priestess Lori seems to have a talent for opening even the least likely heart.

Kristin crossed her legs demurely and seemed to make herself smaller in the chair. She was willing to receive some truths if High Priestess Lori turned out to be a person who could deliver them. Kristin had certainly seen stranger things. "I see an L coming into your life," Lori told Kristin. "A Lisa, a Louis." She said, "It's a good time to buy real estate." She said, "Something really big is coming on the horizon, Kristin. It's so good, so good!" Then High Priestess Lori stopped talking, as if catching wind of something she hadn't noticed before. She sat, her lightly mustached lips puckered around a dissolving butterscotch.

"Don't worry, don't worry," she said then, with deep compassion. "You're going to be just fine."

Kristin then looked at Lori with great seriousness. "Will I ever have a home?" she said. Her voice was a whisper now. Not because she was afraid of what we'd think. I don't think I've ever seen Kristin Beck afraid. But because she felt some humility before what was for her a very difficult question.

It had been a long, long time since Kristin had had a home-probably since she split from her wife and reluctantly moved away from her children nine years ago. As a Seal, you can start to lose your taste for home. You are forever packing out. Doing your purge, burning the hose and dresses, writing new versions of your dead letters. You're deployed so often, your connection to place dims. You can even start to feel a little alienated by your possessions. The couches, the televisions. And even as a civilian, it seemed to continue. Just in the year and a half I've known her, Kristin has sold her house in Tampa, given away her furniture and even a few of her favorite guns (including the cool Saturday-night special), bought an RV. driven it up to her old homestead near Wellsville, New York, then quit Wellsville just as fast with an idea to find some land in the Blue Ridge Mountains and possibly a dog, only to meander back down the seaboard. It's only natural, then, to wonder when the soul will stop wandering.

I hope I'm not drawing the metaphor too far to say that I believed that afternoon she was also asking whether she might also find a durable identity to settle down into, given that her soul had been given no quarter for such a long time, that a part of her was purged at every redeployment, writing its own dead letter.

"You are finding it," High Priestess Lori said. "It may not be what you expect it to be, but you are finding it."

DEVIN FRIEDMAN is GQ's director of editorial projects.





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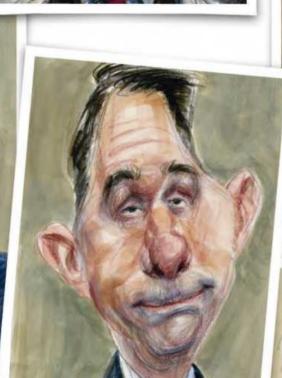


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· Clockwise from top left, Hill, Hulk, Jeb!, Rog, Scott (Walker), and Terrence (Howard)

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1. Kim Davis 1

• The very first "political prisoner" of the antigay, meth-addled, paranoid micro-bloc of the American electorate. Thanks to Davis, I now know that my own country is pathologically immune to social progress and will put aside EVERYTHING-building bridges, educating children, fixing roads-to keep the gays from gaving more stuff up.

2. Cameron Crowe

• *Aloha* was arguably the biggest flop of the year: another painfully earnest, meandering dramedy from our blandest director, featuring Emma Stone in Asianface, Emma Stone! You can't have a character named Allison Ng played by an actress who looks like she was conceived by two Irish street fairs. Some of then-Sony head Amy Pascal's best leaked e-mails were about how much she regretted green-lighting the film: "I'm never starting a movie again when the script is ridiculous." Maybe this will stop movie studios from handing Crowe millions of dollars to make movies solely designed to showcase his taste in dad rock. No one needed to be re-introduced to "I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)" by Hall & Oates. That is not a deep cut.

3. David Cameron

• British prime minister. Allegedly face-fucked a dead pig at college. (Sorry, at university.) But look at it this way: This is the most attention we've paid to British politics in years! Have they always been doing this? Those naughty scamps!

 Kim Davis boosters sav she's Rosa Parks, No. she's the bus driver.

4. Sepp Blatter

• Do you know how evil you have to be to have the Swiss investigate you? He's still theoretically running FIFA. Someone needs to stop him before he acquires biological weaponry.

5. Hillary Clinton

• Remember Cool Hillary Clinton, back when she was checking her phone with her sunglasses on like a BAWSE and getting drunk with foreign dignitaries on Instagram and shit? Yeah, that Hillary Clinton is gone, kids. Hopelessly corrupt pander-bot 2008 Hillary is back! And remarkably, she seems to believe-yet againthat her lengthy history of cynical, bought-andpaid-for leadership somehow entitles her to the presidency, as if her entire campaign strategy is "I didn't betray my principles and sell out every last one of my constituents NOT to be president, you guys!" I hope she keeps that Gmail account open. She's gonna need it after blowing this election.

6. Terrence Howard

• The Empire star is an admitted wife beater who also believes that 1×1 should equal 2. Check out what he said to Rolling Stone: "If one times one equals one that means that two is of no value because one times itself has no effect. One times one equals two because the square root of four is two, so what's the square root of two? Should be one, but we're told it's two, and that cannot be." Well, here's some math for you, Terrence: EMPIRE minus YOU plus DON CHEADLE = The same awesome ratings.

7. Bill Cosby

• Christ. YOU WERE MY BACKUP FATHER, MAN.

8. Jared Fogle >

· Like Bill Cosby, only his artistic legacy was selling you bad sandwiches.

9. Officials at MacArthur High School in Irving, Texas

• Remember when poor Ahmed Mohamed was arrested at his school for building a clock? That was because his English teacher thought he had built a bomb. As Ahmed notes, "She thought it was a threat to her." Hey, Teacher Lady, maybe munitions aren't your strong suit. STICK TO SALINGER NEXT TIME.

10. Jeb Bush

• Say hello to the biggest chump in a whole family of chumps. It should be impossible to fuck up the GOP nomination when you have all of the evil super-PAC money and your chief rival is a vomit-skinned huckster who can't go 30 minutes without jamming his foot down his throat. But then sad old Jeb(!) comes along, looking like an impotent Disney Channel sitcom dad, getting ball-gagged by Donald Trump, walking back sane comments so he seems sufficiently insane. and smiling like a dolt. He looks like a Greenwich hostess trying to tell a drunk houseguest to leave. Like Mitt Romney before him, Jeb is the inevitable by-product of the Republican Party's delusional self-regard: He's a bland, uptight man forcing himself to repress any trace of humanity in order to appease the blood-diamond barons and the hillbilly bigots who own his ass.

11. Robert Griffin III

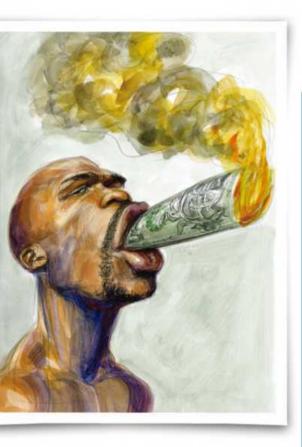
• He was the NFL's Offensive Rookie of the Year in 2012-and on GQ's cover in 2013!-and now he's fallen so far that most Washington fans don't even want him on the team anymore. And the remarkable thing is: They aren't wrong! If you keep RG3 near the field of play, he will inevitably get hurt, or piss off a teammate, or live-tweet his favorite motivational passage from the Bible as a message to all the haters out there. He's like football malware. Once he's in your system, you have to wipe the whole thing clean.

• The race for the year's biggest creep: Jared or Cos? Fogle wins, but only by six inches, 12 tops.



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12. The Fantastic Four

• Please, God, no more. No more Fantastic Four movies. It says a lot about the current state of Hollywood that not only will studios recycle any old story or character, but they'll recycle those properties even when they've resulted in terrible movies. "Fifth time's the charm for this *Titan A.E.* reboot!" Did you not get the hint the first time I declined to watch a talking rock? I bet Fox asks Cameron Crowe to direct the next one. "The whole saga has been re-imagined, thanks to a soundtrack of old Peter Gabriel songs."

13. Scott Walker

• The 2016 version of Tim Pawlenty: a charmless midwestern governor who was only initially viable as a presidential candidate because most people hadn't heard him speak vet. But when they did...hoo boy. This man actually attributed his male-pattern baldness to bumping his head.

14. Neil Patrick Harris

• Stop doing magic. You're hosting the Oscars, not a 4-year-old's birthday party.

15. Roger Goodell

• You already knew that the NFL commissioner was a charmless lump of discarded brisket, but Deflategate revealed just how petty, shortsighted, and comically ineffective he can be. If Goodell caught you lying about jaywalking, he would exhaust billions of dollars in resources and nuke eight separate sovereign states just to get to the bottom of your treachery. Then a circuit judge would overturn your suspension anyway.

• We're not saving Floyd rolled up and smoked all that cash you blew on his fight—but we're not saying he didn't.

16. Jamie Dornan

• He was the guy in Fifty Shades of Grey. No. not the biker guy from Sons of Anarchy. He quit. This is the other guy. Remember him? No? That's probably because you were too distracted waiting for a butt plug to show up on-screen.

17. Brad Bird and George Clooney

• You know what makes me cynical? When two hectoring film titans decide to make a movie about how cynical people are nowadays, when that movie is itself based on a fucking SECTION OF DISNEY WORLD.

18. The Confederate Flag

• Okay, so it's not a person. But the Confederate flag implies a certain kind of person, one whose braying, twangy voice has now, at long last, been tuned out by the majority of American leadership. That means YOU, Mr. #HeritageNotHate Bumper Sticker Guy. Gun your F-150 and hang your Truck Nutz and talk about states' rights all you like. WE CAN'T HEAR YOU. Your flag is gonna sit in our fucking dustbin for the rest of time, no matter how bitchin' you think it looks sewn onto your niece's cutoffs.

19. Roger Ailes

• Behold the man who invented the Tea Party movement as a media construct, and then amassed a small army of brain-dead obstructionists out of that contrived coverage, and then watched in horror as that small army decided to anoint Donald Trump their crown prince. OOPS. Now it's Trump driving the Anger Train, publicly bashing Fox News and forcing Ailes to go on the defensive, leaving the paranoid scumbag torn between placating his walker-rattling viewers or placating the puppet masters at Koch Industries. Watch him squeal! SQUEAL, ROGER! SQUEAL FOR YOUR TRUE MASTER, LITTLE PIGGY!

20. Curt Schilling

• The ex-Red Sox hero was suspended (but not fired!) by ESPN after tweeting a terrible rightwing Facebook meme that compared Muslims to Nazis. Curt Schilling is the king of all terrible right-wing Facebook memes. If a Facebook meme includes three different typefaces, a picture of the twin towers exploding, a rebel flag, a caption that begins "Let me get this straight...," and ANY mention of Hitler anywhere, that goes right into Curt's timeline.

21. Every Cleveland Cavalier Not Named LeBron James

• Poor LeBron came home to amass a superteam, only to see the two main components of that team (Kyrie Irving and Kevin Love) get hurt. leaving him to face the Warriors with four bags of wet flour. The rest of this list has a better shooting touch than Matthew Dellavedova.

22. Hulk Hogan

· Kicked out of the WWE for being racist, which is quite a feat, given that the WWE is the former home of Saba Simba, and Muhammad Hassan, and Mr. Fuji, and the Mexicools, and Tatanka, and Chief Jay Strongbow (not a real chief!), and Papa Shango (not a real witch doctor!), and Virgil, and Akeem the African Dream, and Kamala, THE UGANDAN GIANT. In fact, I'm actually not sure why they fired him. Wouldn't a Racist Hulk heelturn be par for the course?

23. Chet Haze

 Tom Hanks's son kept making a public ass of himself this year, and there's really only two explanations: (1) He is a genuine idiot who says "fuck yall hatin ass niggaz" on Instagram because he sincerely believes he's an important hip-hop artist, or (2) he is trolling America with some Joaquin Phoenix-style "performance art." Frankly, the second option would be worse. Better that he's just another oblivious rich kid than a pretentious jerk who thinks he's holding up some kind of fun-house mirror to the rest of society. Get your kid in line, Tom. Make him work in the editing dock or something.

24. Meghan Trainor

• "Dear Future Husband" was the year's worst single and proof positive that Meghan Trainor's entire career is a stealth branding campaign for Dove soap. Don't you find it mysterious that this tinny-voiced hack suddenly appeared out of nowhere, singing a bunch of grating poodle-skirt "empowerment" anthems that somehow reinforce every shitty rom-com stereotype about women? BUY ME A RING! LOVE ME EVEN WHEN I'M CRAY CRAY! DON'T ARGUE WITH ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU HEAD! This is a 67-yearold brand manager's idea of uplifting music for tweenage girls.

25. Floyd Mayweather Jr. **►**

• If I'm gonna shell out a hundred bucks to watch an unrepentant woman beater make \$200 million for a boxing match, the least he can do is throw a decent punch instead of dance around the ring like an asshole. I want to know that my moral compromise was worth it.

DREW MAGARY is a GQ correspondent and a staff writer for Deadspin.







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CLARISONIC ALPHA FIT CELEBRATED NEW YORK FASHION WEEK @ THE GENT

Clarisonic Alpha Fit celebrated NYFW with GQ at the exclusive Gent Social Lounge—a two-day event that welcomed the foremost tastemakers from the GQ Insider community to relax and kick back between the hottest shows of the week.

GQ Executive Stylist Brett Fahlgren was also on hand to discuss the benefits of the New Clarisonic ALPHA FIT skincare device for men: "It's a cool little gadget that cleanses your face up to six times better than just washing it with your hands." Select attendees also walked away with a custom GQ swag bag featuring the all-new Clarisonic Alpha Fit device.

For more information visit Clarisonic.com/ AlphaFitHello.



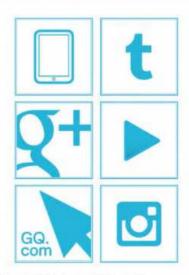
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• Sefolosha in Manhattan this fall, moments after a jury acquitted him of all charges.

After the Hawks checked in at the Ritz in Battery Park, Sefolosha and his teammate Pero Antic headed for I Oak, a popular Chelsea night-club. They arrived around 2:30 A.M. As it happened, another NBA player—the Bucks' Chris Copeland—was also at the club, though Sefolosha didn't know it. At about 4A.M., Copeland got into an argument on the street outside and was stabbed by another man. The police shut the club down and hundreds of people, including Sefolosha and Antic, flooded West 17th Street.

Two TMZ cell-phone videos show what happened next. At least five officers violently force Sefolosha, in a black hoodie, to the ground. He tells them, with astonishing calm, "Relax, man." Eventually he is led away, limping and in handcuffs. His injuries would end his season.

The cops later claimed that Sefolosha hadn't cooperated when they told him to leave the scene and became so aggressive that he "charged" at them. They arrested him for disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, and obstruction of governmental administration. This fall, Sefolosha rejected multiple plea deals, daring the city to dismiss his case or go to trial.

On October 9, after deliberating for just 45 minutes, a jury exonerated him totally.

ABOUT 4:15 A.M., they turned the lights on at the club and told us it's time to go. Something happened, we're not exactly sure what. The police are outside closing the place down.

An officer came over to me and said, "Get the hell out!" I said, "Did I do something wrong? You can talk to me in a nicer way." I didn't quite understand why he had to come at us so hard when there were so many other people around. We moved, but he kept telling us to get the hell out. I told him we were listening to him: "You don't have to act like you're the toughest guy on earth." He said, "With or without a badge, I can fuck you up." Like, whatever. I'm the last guy who gets physical with anybody, especially the police. At the same time, I felt singled out for no reason. He was much shorter than me. I said, "You're a midget, and you're mad."

By then I was in the street, around many other people. I asked him where he wanted me to go. He said, "Keep moving until I tell you to stop." I joined the rest of the people, next to a pizza place, and that's when five or six or seven other officers surrounded us. It felt like I had done something wrong. Probably they heard what I said and decided, "We're going to make sure this guy knows that we're the police and that basically we rule." They told me I had to leave the scene. They were almost provoking me, challenging me.

I was just getting into a livery cab when a homeless man asked me for money. I took out 20 bucks. When I made a few steps toward the guy, an officer said, "You're going to jail." Pero tapped the officer on the shoulder and said, "Relax, he didn't do anything." Another officer pushed him in the chest and he fell. That's what the first YouTube video showed—him on the floor.

More officers started grabbing me. I had six or seven hundred dollars in my hand, and I was trying to put it back in my pocket. One officer pulled me from my right arm, another grabbed me on my left, and another grabbed me on the back of my neck. I'm in, like, an on-a-cross type of position. I couldn't even move. It was just chaos. I had never been arrested before. Somebody kicked my leg, more than once, from the back to force me to the ground. I knew something had happened as soon as they did it; I'm an athlete, so I know how my body should feel. They were stepping on my foot, too, I guess to try to keep me there.

The main thing in my head, of course, was my leg. Just in that moment, the adrenaline prevented me from feeling too much pain. I noticed the swelling as soon as I got to the police station. At the precinct it was very painful and I couldn't step on it anymore. They put Pero and me in a cell, then they brought in the guy who they believed stabbed Copeland, so they moved us out and handcuffed us to some bars. We got out almost 12 hours later, after we had our hearing.

From the very start, my coach [Mike Budenholzer] had my back: "This is not normal, it should have never happened." I got X-rays from the Nets' team doctor. He said I had separated the ligament on the inside of my ankle; torn the ligaments on the front, side, and outside; and broken my fibula. As soon as he said that, I knew my season was over. The next day, I got a text with the video on it. In the midst of everything that's going on in the past two years on the TV—police this, police that—I couldn't believe something like this had happened to me. It was just

unreal that something so small could turn into something this big.

After the surgery, the doctors told me it would be months before I could go back on the court. For a time I couldn't even go upstairs and put my kids to bed. I would wake up sweating in the middle of the night. It felt like I had been just one wrong move away from something much more serious happening. I had nights where I came back after watching the team play, just feeling defeated and angry that all this had happened, and for no reason.

Not in a selfish way, but I like to think that maybe with me, we would have had a chance to win a title. I never toot my own horn, but yeah, I think I'm possibly the best, or one of the best, defenders in this league. I think I would have done a great job on LeBron [whose Cavs defeated the Hawks in the Conference Finals]. Watching my team from the bench was the worst experience a basketball player can have.

In September, I went to New York and they offered me this deal: one day of community service, with the charges to be dismissed after six months. My lawyer said that it was a very, very gutsy move not to take the deal. I don't think I realized quite fully how much of a gamble it was. My lawyer had told me, "You're risking up to two years in jail for all this." I lost 15 pounds that month from the stress.

My mom was very scared for me. My wife and dad were outraged and in disbelief. He's from South Africa. To think of this happening to his son in the streets of New York City in 2015—and I don't really want to make it as a racial thing. I want to let people make up their own minds.

At the beginning of the trial, my lawyer showed new video clips his team uncovered and got the first cop to agree that I was complying with his order, that I was not committing a crime. It was great. The most ludicrous thing to listen to was that I charged an officer. I would never do that. They were trying to make it seem like they had a reason to arrest me. I'm sure that when you break someone's leg and you have video of one officer taking a baton out, you have a lot on the line.

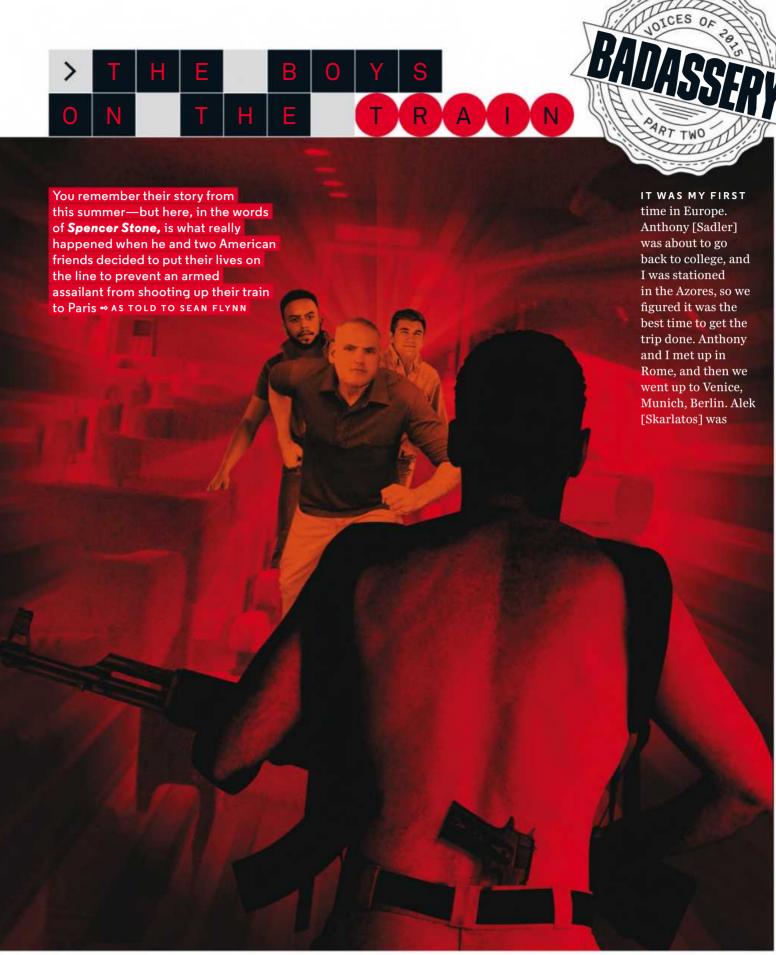
The video was huge. It was everything. I really believe that without it, Pero and I could be behind bars right now. [The charges against Antic were eventually dropped.] Because if you don't have real proof that you didn't do it and you have five, six officers saying that you did...

I think there should be some sort of consequences for those officers. It was an act of police brutality, and I believe it could happen to anyone. Now I'm a lot more aware of everything that goes on. I look at videos of police brutality on YouTube or CNN.com. The other day I was watching this woman getting punched by the police for recording them arresting her husband. In a situation like this, you are helpless. If there's six people jumping me outside of the club, I scream, "Police, police!" If the police are doing this to me, who you want me to turn to?

NATHANIEL PENN is $a \neq a$ gq correspondent.







traveling around Germany with a German girl, and then we all ended up meeting in Amsterdam.

We spent about three days there, just doing cool shit. We rented bikes, rode all over the city. We almost wanted to stay another day because we were having so much fun, but then we thought, you know, we already got the tickets, we should just go. Paris was next, and then we were going to spend a week in Barcelona, our final big bang, because we all really wanted to go to Spain.

We all had first-class tickets, but pretty much right when we walked on the train, we found this little area we liked, five or six seats, and there were only three of us and our bags. If someone else claimed them, we'd move. After a few stops, more people were getting on, and we decided to move anyway. We went up to first class, and it was much nicer. The food lady came by and hooked us up with French wine and these little chicken wraps. Then I fell asleep.

I've had tons of computer-based training: Be aware of your surroundings, don't identify yourself as American or military, try to stay low-key. That's what we did; we were just hanging out, sleeping. I got my Bose noise-canceling headphones on, and I can sleep through an earthquake, anyway. I'm a hard sleeper.

I woke up to one of the train employees running by me. I looked over at Anthony-he was to my right, across the aisle-and he's got a concerned look on his face. I take my headphones off and I can hear screaming and glass breaking, and then the whole train goes quiet. And I can only hear his feet coming up the car.

I looked over my shoulder, up the aisle, and I see him. We all picked up on it right away. He's got a gun, and he's not wearing a shirt, and he's got a backpack on—but on the front, so he can reach extra magazines. I thought to myself, Oh, my God, this is not happening. This is not real.

Then Alek slaps me on the shoulder and says,

I must've blacked out or closed my eyes, because I just sprinted at the guy, fully expecting to get mowed down, pumped full of bullets. He tried to shoot me, but I found out later the bullet had a bad primer. I've never heard of that happening, a primer going bad in a bullet. When

PART

• In the wake of the attack, Stone, Sadler, and Skarlatos received the Legion of Honor, France's highest decoration.

I ran up. I just went back to my old football days, tried to hit him as hard as I could. And then I could feel blood dripping off my face, and I could taste gunpowder in my mouth. He hit me in the face with his gun. That hurt.

I do jujitsu, so I just kind of went to what I know. I put him in a choke hold, and I was on his back, leaning against the side of the cabin. Then Alek ran up and grabbed his AK-47. He tried to cock it, tried to shoot the guy. An AK-47, you know, it's no peashooter; it'll go right through that guy and me. I'm thinking, I'm gonna get shot by Alek.

But it didn't go off, thank God. Alek started hitting him in the face with the tip of the gun, I'm trying to put him to sleep with a choke hold, I've got my chin on his shoulder, and then I see his arm come up with a handgun behind my head. Now I'm thinking, Okay, I'm gonna get my head blown

off here. It was kind of an "Oh crap" moment. Alek gets the gun away from him, and we're good, we're perfect. I'm still choking him, waiting for him to slip away, and then I feel something dragged across my neck. Alek is screaming, "He's got a knife, he's got a knife!" I look down at my thumb and it's cut to the bone, and I'm thinking, I can't believe you just did that to my finger. You asshole.

He's flailing, hitting me in the face, and I just had to take it until he finally slipped away. And then me and Alek and Anthony had this moment staring at each other like, Okay, what now? We all just started beating him. And then Chris Norman-the British guy-and some other train employees run up, and Chris starts hog-tying him.

Alek has his gun, and he starts to go make sure there's no one else on the train trying to kill people. But then he starts calling out that some guy got shot. When I saw him, Mark Moogalian, he was in the middle of falling down, blood shooting out of his neck. I started screaming, "I'm a medic, I'm a medic!"—but honestly, I kind of panicked at first. This guy is going to die right here in front of me. I took my shirt off-I was going to hold it down for pressure, but that wasn't going to work. The way the blood was shooting out, I could tell it was an artery. So I put my finger in his neck, found the pulse, and then the bleeding just stopped. But in my mind, even though I stopped the bleeding, he'd already lost a ton of blood, and he was going to go into shock and die anyway. I called his wife over and said, "Talk to him, make sure he stays awake." But really I was trying to find a subtle way to say, "Say good-bye to your husband."



Anthony told me my neck was cut. I asked him how bad it was, and he was like, Um, not too bad. It had mostly stopped bleeding. But whenever I bent my head forward, he could see my whole neck open up, see the muscles. It was pretty bad.

It was about 25, 30 minutes to the next station, when the paramedics got on. They started to lift Mark up, and I'm saying, "Stop it, stop it," because I've still got my finger in his neck. They didn't speak English, so I had to show one of them, take his hand and put his fingers in Mark's neck, and then he got it. We made a real fast switch. And that's when they put us on a table and started IVs and drawing blood and stuff. I was screaming for Anthony and Alek to get my stuff and take my picture-like, "Hey, someone document this!"

was doing security. Everyone had a role. And that's one thing I want to emphasize: It was a team effort, me and Alek and Anthony and Chris Norman. It feels sometimes like people want to boost me up to be the biggest hero in the room. But it's not like that. I might have been the first one up, but if I'd been the only one up, I'd be dead.

It was such an easy decision. We recognized right away what was about to happen, and the choice was either get up right now and go down in a blaze of glory and make my family proud of me, or wait to get shot. It's like if you're standing on the edge of a cliff over a pit of boiling lava and someone's trying to throw you in. You know you're going to die, but are you going to just let him push you off? No, fuck that. You're going to try to fight him.

Anthony was documenting everything. Alek

Sean flynn is a GQ correspondent.





ATTACK

Thirteen hours after this interview, Stone was attacked outside a Sacramento bar. It was not related to his heroics in Europe, but he

was stabbed four times in the chest, deep wounds that required open-heart surgery to keep him alive. Incidentally, Stone had just explained to GQ why jujitsu—which he used to subdue the attacker on the train-wasn't useful in a street fight. "If you're on the ground grappling," he said, "there are just too many variables of people who can jump in. That said, I've only ever been in, you know, a couple, I quess. But nothing ever serious." By late October, he was recovering at home.—S.F.







 Moore and Ermold, together for 17 years, decided to wed after the Supreme Court affirmed the right to same-sex marriage in June.

and the Pope, an itinerary that likely has made her the most famous county clerk in American history. But 2015 was an even bigger year for the men behind the camera, 39-year-old David Moore and 41-year-old David Ermold, the samesex, same-name, smart-phone-wielding couple who, after 17 years of inconspicuous union, finally got to pursue a desire Davis herself has indulged repeatedly without constraint: the desire to get married. In the end, Davis got the fame, but the Daves got the license.

DAVID E: The Kim Davis thing started in June when the Supreme Court ruling came down. I had wanted to get married for a while, and I was thinking to myself, how do I approach Dave about it? We're not big on ceremonies. We don't celebrate birthdays. Then I read online that Davis was denying the licenses.

DAVID M: Somebody posted on Facebook that there was going to be a rally that morning to protest it. We went down, and the news was already there, along with some other couples and some students. People supporting Kim Davis were there, too. I remember this woman coming over, and she asked us if we even paid taxes.

We felt kind of powerless. We kept hearing that people were getting denied, and there was actually a story in the paper and it showed some people at the protest, but you didn't see any of the people it affected.

We didn't know if anybody had actually spoken to Kim Davis directly. I thought if she could see us and talk to us, maybe she would go home and think about the people she's affecting. We decided we were going to go in and document it. I asked one of my friends to record it on her phone.

So we went in and talked to Davis for ten minutes. We turned the recorder off because she asked. I asked her, "What is gonna happen if you put your name on-camera?" She told us the Adam and Eve story. I told her we've been together 17 years, and she got emotional. I couldn't tell if she was emotional for herself or for us: She said she was worried about her own soul.

DE: After that, Dave said, "You know, you've probably given licenses out to rapists and murderers over the course of the years." And she said, "Yeah, but they would have been a man and a woman." That's really what set us off.

DM: We were sad when we left. Dave was crying.

DM: I knew I was gay when I was really young, though I never told anyone. I remember playing on the playground in kindergarten, and I wanted to be Wonder Woman. People were like, "Why do you want to be a girl?" And I was like, "That's my favorite superhero." They would call me "fag." I was always picked on. I was the smallest kid, plus I was gay, plus I was poor.

I grew up in Letcher County in southeastern Kentucky. My dad worked as a night watchman at a coal company. He was emotionally abusive. When I was 15, they diagnosed my mother with schizophrenia and started her on medication. He laid off a bit when that happened.

I've always had crushes on friends that were guys. I hated it for a long time, but I thought, Maybe I'll grow out of it and get

married and everything will be fine.

While going to college, I lived with my mom for six difficult years. My dad had been taking care of her, but he was doing a terrible job. I pressured her to leave him, but that meant that I had to take care of her. She had nine brothers and sisters, but none of them were going to do it, so I did it.

She would always think that people were trying to kill her or kill me. Now she has a boyfriend who takes care of her, but I still talk to her all the time. If not for my mom, I probably would have moved away from Kentucky a long time ago.

After moving in with her, I started talking to men on a site that doesn't exist anymore called the Globe, which allowed you to put up a personal ad, and there was a whole section for men seeking men. I put one up, and Dave had one up, too, and we had similar music taste: the Cure, Tori Amos. I didn't have a computer, so I would walk to the library to message him.

We started talking on the phone, mostly about music and concerts. It was like having a friend. We'd complain about people. About four months after we first messaged, he came down to Kentucky to visit from Pennsylvania. Four months after that, he moved down here full-time.

DE: I grew up in Pennsylvania, in the sprawl outside Philadelphia. My family was poor, but not like Dave's. Dave's family had an outhouse and everything. They literally lived in Hatfield-McCoy territory. Nobody in eastern Pennsylvania had an outhouse.

My parents split up when I was 5. It was violent, and my dad was in jail for a while. He was just a bad man. I haven't spoken with him in 20 years. My mom worked in a chemicals factory and was a waitress on the side. She moved a lot, so I went to a lot of different schools. I got picked on a lot as it was, and that made it worse.

After my parents split, my mom got involved with Jehovah's Witnesses. Later, when I came down to Kentucky, the Latter-Day Saints came to my apartment, and I studied with them for a little while. I've always had an interest in the different flavors of Christianity.

Out of high school, I worked in customer service at PageNet, which doesn't exist anymore. Pagers were popular, and cell phones were just starting. Only really wealthy people had cell phones. I liked that job.

Eventually they closed the office and moved it out west. I went on unemployment for six months. That's when I started talking to Dave online. After I moved down here, I started taking classes at community college. American literature was my favorite. Nathaniel Hawthorne, early American. The witch stuff! We're like Hester Prynne here in Morehead, I guess with a scarlet letter G. If I had to pick a piece of literature for Kim Davis, though, it would be that Melville story, "Bartleby the Scrivener." It's identical.

"I didn't realize up until this point how much of my life was dealing with humiliation on a regular and persistent basis. You get so used to it, you don't even realize it's happening anymore."

@GQREPORT

EVENTS → PROMOTIONS → EXCLUSIVES









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· Moore and Ermold went to the courthouse four times to apply for a marriage license. Davis repeatedly refused them.

- DM: After we first talked to Kim Davis and taped the conversation, it was a couple of days before we posted our video online. I put it up around 11 at night.
- DE: By one o'clock in the morning, it was already starting to get some traction. I remember Dave went to the computer and said, "Are you happy now? We are the number one story on Reddit."
- DM: The next morning, Gawker had it, and then the Advocate was running it. By the time I got up, it already had 200,000 hits. When I went to work in the morning, my phone started to blow up because I put my e-mail address on the video. First it was our friends messaging us, and then journalists. I got freaked out. I didn't know how to deal with any of that. We're private, and I was really uncomfortable.

We stopped talking to the press after the first day. It was overwhelming, but we thought it would get resolved in a month, because it's the law. Weeks went by, though, and we found out the governor couldn't make Davis do her job.

Then, in August, the injunction came down to force Davis to give immediate relief to the people who wanted licenses. That's when we went in the second time, and we were denied again. The third time, we went in because finally the injunction went to the Supreme Court. When they denied the stay, we thought, This is final now.

We got there early the next morning, and the room was full of cameras. Every time we went in. it was this heavy, stressful, awful feeling. I'm an introvert, so the whole thing was very crushing. The media added a surreal, amplified layer.

Davis hadn't said what she was going to do. The night before, she and her lawyer had issued a statement that said she was going to pray on it overnight and face the day tomorrow. I figured

- we had a really good chance of getting the license. I wore my tie, and my shirt was tucked in. Then Davis came out and said she wasn't issuing licenses, and there was a lot of screaming. I asked, "Under whose authority?" And she said, "Under God's authority." I called everyone in the office a bigot.
- DE: Then we went home and looked up the definition of bigot to make sure it was okay, and it's okay.
- DM: Two days later, I walked down to the gas station from work, and somebody got out of the car and said, "She's in jail! She in jail!" I started crying outside, saying, "This is not what we wanted." When we saw the mug shot—it literally looks like somebody's mother is being arrested.

The next day we went in and finally got our license.

- **DE:** Then Mike Huckabee comes down and creates a martyr of Davis. They took her picture with her hair down in a braid, and her husband was in bib overalls, the whole thing. They staged these photo opportunities for her.
- **DM:** We're also complicit in her fame. We're the ones that filmed her originally. It's funny, I saw the rally speech where she said, God is on the throne. He's on the throne. She sees herself in that position. It's not God.
- **DE:** She's being used. She may make money. she may get a book deal, but here's the thing: When this is all said and done, if she still has that job, she's gonna be sitting in her office, and she's gonna be alienated. I don't think she'll get re-elected. You want to see a fight in Rowan County? You wait until that starts again. I'll be out there screaming and yelling.

- DM: Pat Robertson said all the sodomites are attacking Kim Davis. He was saying she's a victim of sodomy, but how do we know she's not a sodomite?
- **DE:** When our video made *The 700 Club*, that was, like, the highlight of my life.
- DE: We're very plain people. We have cats in the house. We're not, like, super clean. We don't have Grindr accounts. We're not young. We're middle-aged. These are the people that this affects: everyday middle-aged gay guys and women.
- DM: We would laugh at a lot of the Internet comments, actually. They called us the Pillsbury Gay Boys. We were like, "I want a T-shirt that says PILLSBURY GAY BOY."
- DM: We got tons of letters from people. Like, 200 of them. A lot of people write us, and they're like, We don't have anybody. Can you imagine going to a job interview in Kentucky and being a trans person? Or being a gay person of color? We have privilege that they don't have.
- **DE:** We know a trans family here. There's a trans male and his partner, and they have a kid. They actually were married by Kim Davis way back before this happened, and she didn't realize it.
- DM: I'm worried about people that live here that feel the same way as Davis. We live on a street with a Christian academy. It's a compound, and people live there in trailers. They put up a sign that says, Man may make it legal, but that doesn't make it right.

Gay kids go to that church. They go to Sunday school, just like we did when we were kids. It made us hate ourselves. That's what they're doing to their own children: They're making them hate themselves.

- DE: I didn't realize up until this point how much of my life was dealing with humiliation on a regular and persistent basis. So I'd read the positive comments, and then I'd cry. They show that this is degrading to you. You get so used to it, you don't even realize it's happening anymore.
- **DM:** We've been desensitized to the humiliation. Even among friends, we've come to accept it. We had a mirror held up and realized, okay, this was happening all this time, but we just ignored it. We just let people treat us this way all this time.
- **DE:** That's what's the hardest thing about it all: the reminder that you've been letting it happen for so long. And I hate that word accommodation, because we've been already making accommodations for our entire lives.

CHRISTOPHER GLAZEK is a writer living in New York City.



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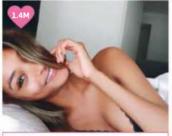
The Most-Likable Models of Your Instagram Feed—and Other **Undeniable Moments** from the Year in Babes



Irina Shayk Russian S.I. star; Ronaldo ex



Sara SampaioPortuguese accent, not Brazilian



Jourdan Dunn Model mom



Lily AldridgeFreshest face of a fashion family



Karlie Kloss T.Swift bestie; Kookie chef



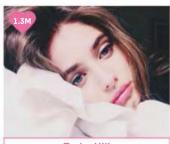
Candice Swanepoel VS Angel-in-chief



Kendall Jenner Reigning Kardashian



Barefoot-hippie chic



Taylor Hill Youngest Angel



Stella Maxwell Miley smoocher



Hungarian like goulash, but better



Gigi Hadid Big sister to Bella →



Cara Delevingne



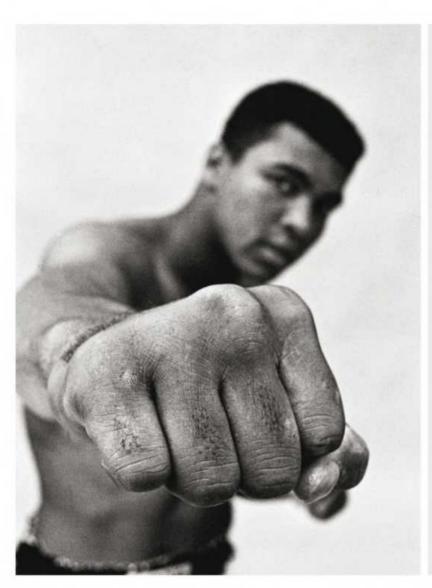
Chanel Iman



Joan Smalls



Anna Ewers German runway queen





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• 2015 MAY VERY WELL GO DOWN IN HISTORY as the year Instagram was officially overtaken by the world's most impossible-looking women—women who slowly but surely displaced our friends, family members, and other people in our feeds we've actually spoken to. It's a disorienting thing, all these ladies—these Pocket Tens—living in our phones. But we'd argue there's no greater contributing factor to the current model "moment." And so on to 2016: May followings grow, likes proliferate, and their supersession of boring friends in our feeds be ever more total.



GQINTELLIGEN

FUNNIEST FOLLOWS

— in the —

LADY UNIVERSE

The new iPhone is here.

And only AT&T gives you the network with the nation's strongest 4G LTE signal.



★iPhone 6 ⑤

With 3D Touch, Live Photos, 7000 series aluminum, A9 chip, advanced cameras, a Retina HD display, and so much more, you'll see how the only thing that's changed is everything.





SERENA'S PERFECT NEAR-PERFECTION

- and the

CURSE OF DRAKE

Serena Williams won the first three Slams of 2015 but fell three sets short of claiming all four in a single season. In spite of the near-butnot-total perfection. she cemented her very viable claim to the title of greatest living American athlete. That said, the Grandest Slam would've been pretty cool, and we're at least pleased that we're all in agreement that it's definitely Drake's fault.



The U.S. women did for soccer what the men never could So, the American women won the World Cup this summer for the first time since 1999. It's difficult to overstate the bigness of the victory. Not just for its effect on interest in soccer in the U.S. and, more widely, in the women's game around the globe. But for the way it led us to pause together and experience

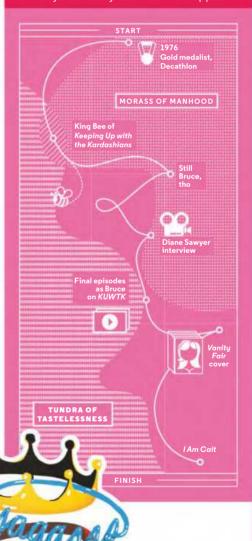
the same significant event simultaneously, something we tend to do only when superfamous people are wearing dresses or shoulder pads. Speaking of, take a moment to store away this fantastic fact: The Women's World Cup Final was not only the most watched soccer game (men or women) in

American history but legit up there with TV events like the Oscars and the Super Bowl. Plus: It took about half as long and featured one fewer Left Shark.

"I wonder how Floyd feels being beat by a woman for once.... I'd like to see him pretend to not know who I am now."

CAIT'S MEDIA COUP

No one navigated her "moment" more skillfully than Caitlyn Jenner. We mapped it!





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The Shame Shuffle
Cersei Lannister, shorn and stripped,
miserably schleps through the streets

of King's Landing as moral penance.

The Shame Shuffle

FUNNY OR DIE



The Walk of No Shame

Amber Rose, sexy as last night, sunnily greets the neighborhood after a sleepover with a stranger.



That '70s Stroll

Peggy Olson, fresh off a night of drinking and a decade of occupational suppression, saunters into a new office.



THE CRED-LENDING WEIRDNESS OF FKA TWIGS

Robert Pattinson may be a basic bitch. But he upped his freaky factor when he fell for FKA Twigs, our favorite alien chanteuse.



* 2 0 1 5 E D I T I O N *



Chloë Sevigny

Bloodline was a juicy bump of Key West's sexy scuz, and no one did sexy-scuzzy like Chloë. (See: the skirt flip "hello" in episode two.)

Ruby Rose

Orange Is the New Black dropped gender-fluid Ruby Rose into season three to scramble the show's plenty-progressivealready sex politics.

Taraji P. Henson

Empire gets props for the Lear-ish interplay of King Lyon and his three cubs, but no woman in Shakespeare was as bad as Taraji P. Henson.



In the event of a desert-y dystopian future ruled by chrome-huffing gearheads, we learned that we're going to want the ferocious warrior nymphs of *Mad Max: Fury Road*—Charlize Theron, Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, Zoë Kravitz, and Co.—in our dune buggy. All you have to do is give up water.



"If you're reading this, you're probably a woman. Or...maybe you accidentally bought this thinking it was the *Malala* book."

DY KALING, author, Why Not Me?;
The Mindy Project; voice, Inside Out







CELEBRITY-VACATION THIRST-OMETER

Summer break for our WOTYs ranged from hellish to the holiest of grails

FULLY HYDRATED



Lupita Nyong'o We don't envy her panic, though it is Disneyland-appropriate.



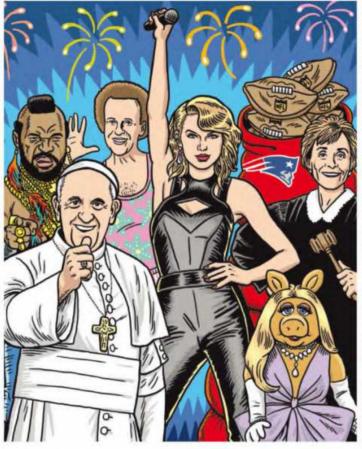
T.Swift + HAIM Very chill, in a very staged kind of way.



J.Law + Amy Schumer All vacations past and future will be judged against this picture.







THE ONLY CLUB WORTH BELONGING TO IN 2015

If a famous person isn't called onstage by Taylor Swift on the 1989 World Tour, are they still a famous person? Consider this the Existential Quandary of the Year. Pictured: Boise show-fame litmus test, passed.



HILLARY VS. HILLARY

Can you tell the real Hillary Clinton quotes from Kate McKinnon's uncanny impression?

llove a scaldinghot vodka.

Please wear socks to bed.

In 2008, of course I lost. I was running against a cool black guy. But this year I thought I got to be the cool black guy.

My vice president will be me.

We are the president.

ANSWERS, clockwise from top left: fake, real, fake, allegedly real, fake





- BROOKLYN -

NOMINATED FOR Making a sappy period romance—1950s, split between Ireland and you guessed where—watchable. OSCAR CLIP Ronan sobbing, violently shitting into a bucket on her voyage to America.

MAY LOSE B/C John Travolta would make short work of "Saoirse."

MAY WIN B/C Voters are still scared of her after Hanna. INADVERTENT SEXINESS 1952, a good time for garters.

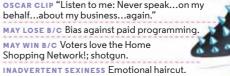


- JOY -

NOMINATED FOR Embodying American-Dream-y "bootstraps mythology"—infomercial edition.

OSCAR CLIP "Listen to me: Never speak...on my

MAY LOSE B/C Bias against paid programming.













TOM BRADY

A

THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME

B

A SLOW MAN WITH A STRONG ARM & A QUICK MIND

A CHEATER

THE QUARTERBACK WE DESERVE

E

NONE OF THE ABOVE

E

SOME OF THE ABOVE

G

ALL OF THE ABOVE

PROVIDES THE ANSWER

jacket \$3,600 **Louis Vuitton**

t-shirt \$24 Buck Mason

jeans \$680 and belt Tom Ford

watch TAG Heuer



INEZ + VINOODH







OM BRADY is the greatest quarterback in NFL history.

That's just my opinion, and that opinion is fungible. If someone else had made the same claim five years ago, I would have disagreed; five years ago, I didn't even think he was the best quarterback of his generation. But the erosion of time has validated his ascension. Classifying Brady as the all-time best QB is not a universally held view, but it's become the default response. His statistical legacy won't match Peyton Manning's, and Manning has changed the sport more. But Brady's six Super Bowl appearances (and his dominance in their head-tohead matchups) tilt the scales of hagiography in his direction. He has been football's most successful player at the game's most demanding position, during an era when the importance of that position has been incessantly amplified. His greatness can be quantified through a wide range of objective metrics.

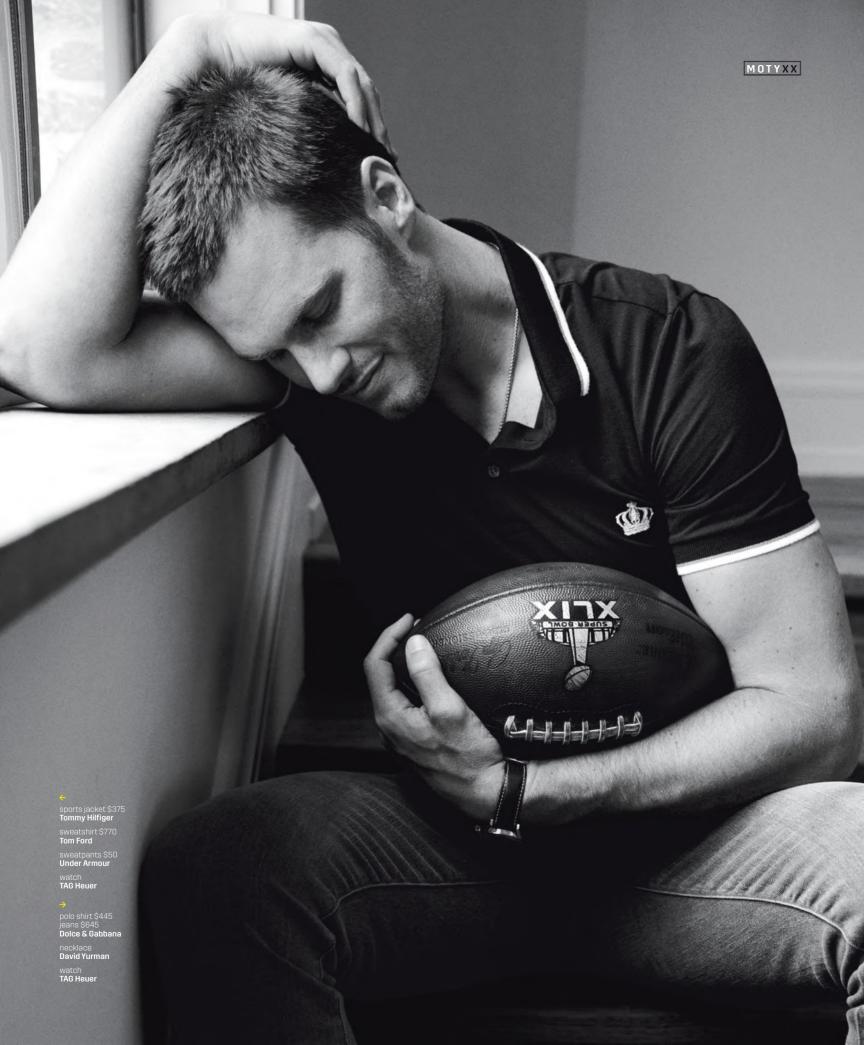
Yet it's the subjective details that matter more.

America's fanatical, perverse obsession with football is rooted in a multitude of smaller fixations, most notably the concept of who a quarterback is and what that person represents. There is no cultural corollary in any other sport. It's the only position on the field a CEO would compare himself to, or a surgeon, or an actual general. It's the only position in sports that racists still worry about. People who don't care about football nevertheless understand that every clichéd story about high school involves the prom queen dating the quarterback. It serves as a signifier for a certain kind of elevated human, and Brady is that human in a non-metaphoric sense. He looks the way he's supposed to look. He has the kind of wife he's supposed to have. He has the right kind of inspirational backstory: a sixth-round draft pick who runs the 40-yard dash in a glacial 5.2 seconds, only to

prove such things don't matter because this job requires skills that can't be reliably measured. Brady's vocation demands an inexact combination of mental and physical faculties, and it all hinges on his teammates' willingness to follow him unconditionally. This is part of the reason Brady does things like make cash payments to lowly practice-squad players who pick off his passes during scrimmageshe must embody the definition of leadership, almost like a president. In fact, it sometimes seems like Brady could eventually be president, or at least governor of Massachusetts.

But this will never happen. When I ask if it's something he's ever considered, he responds as if I am crazy.

"There is a 0.000 chance of me ever wanting to do that," says Brady. "I just think that no matter what you'd say or what you'd do, you'd be in a position whereyou know, you're politicking. You



know? Like, I think the great part about what I do is that there's a scoreboard. At the end of every week, you know how you did. You know how well you prepared. You know whether you executed your game plan. There's a tangible score. I think in politics, half the people are gonna like you and half the people are not gonna like you, no matter what you do or what you say.... It's like there are no right answers. If there were, everyone would choose the right answers. They're all opinions."

Had Brady given this quote as a rookie, it would have meant nothing. It would have scanned as a football player with relativist views on politics. But the events of the past year imbue these words with a stranger, deeper significance. After last season's AFC Championship game, the Patriots were accused of deflating the footballs below the legal level. What initially appeared to be a bizarre allegation against a pair of anonymous locker-room employees spiraled into a massive scandal that seemed to go on forever, consistently painting Brady as the conversational equivalent of a Person of Interest. This even applied to his own coach, Bill Belichick. During an uncomfortable January 22 press conference, Belichick said, "Tom's personal preferences on his footballs are something that he can talk about in much better detail than I could possibly provide. I can tell you that in my entire coaching career, I have never talked to any player, [or] staff member, about football air pressure."

In May, Brady was suspended by the NFL for four games. He appealed the suspension and was re-instated in time for the opening of the 2015 season. Days later, an intensely reported ESPN The Magazine story outlined how the NFL bungled the Deflategate investigation and leaked false information to reporters. But the article was more damaging to the Patriots as an organization. It reported commissioner Roger Goodell purposefully over-penalized Brady and the Patriots on behalf of the other league owners, essentially as retribution for a decade of

unproven institutional cheating (potentially including the first three New England Super Bowl victories, three games that were decided by a total of nine points).

Brady has never admitted any wrongdoing. He beat the suspension without conceding anything (and in the four games he was supposed to miss, he completed 73 percent of his passes for 11 touchdowns and zero interceptions). His résumé remains spotless. But things are different now, in a way that's easy to recognize but hard to explain. Even though he's said absolutely nothing of consequence in public, there is a sense that we now have a better understanding of who Tom Brady really is. And it's the same person we thought he was before, except now we have to admit what that actually means.

I'M INTERVIEWING Brady at a complicated point in his life. There are several things I want to ask him, almost all of which involve the same issue. I'm told Brady's camp has agreed to a wide-ranging sit-down interview, where nothing will be off the table. The initial plan is for the meeting to happen in Boston, and it will be a lengthy conversation. Two days before I leave, Brady's people say that the interview can't happen face-to-face (and the explanation as to why is too weird to explain). It will now be a onehour interview on the phone.

Brady calls me on a Tuesday. He's driving somewhere and tells me he has only 45 minutes to talk. I ask a few questions about the unconventional trajectory of his career, particularly how it's possible that a man who was never the best quarterback in the Big Ten could end up as a two-time league MVP as a pro. He doesn't have a cogent answer, beyond classifying himself as a "late bloomer." We talk about the 2007 Patriots squad that went 16-0, and I ask if wide receiver Randy Moss was the finest pure athlete he ever played with. He begrudgingly concedes that Moss was "the greatest vertical threat," although he goes out of his way to compliment Wes Welker and Julian Edelman, (continued on page 249)







The Queen

CATE BLANGHETT

ATE BLANCHETT WILL BE with me in a second, but first she's got to deal with this guy. London's theater district. Steps from the restaurant and the restaurant bar and the first of three martinis she's about to order. The guy's got a mustache and a polo shirt, says he's really into the theater-he's sort of a producer type, in fact. "What do you do?" he asks Cate Blanchett.

"I'm an actress," she says evenly.

"Are you famous?" the guy asks.

"I don't know!" she says to the guy who has no idea who Cate Blanchett is.

Also, come on, guy-Cate Blanchett is verily dipped in couture, in a fucking Givenchy jacket that even I can recognize, tuxedo shirt unbuttoned low, cool pink glasses with a kind of blue glow to them. Ponytail. Sleek-a cordial shark or a fashionable bullet, now making her way purposefully through the crowded bar at J Sheekey. My turn now.

Martini in hand, she turns to me with a warning about the dinner we're about to have, which follows a long day of press. She wants to relax. She wants to have a drink or three and have a real conversation-skeptical and unfeigned and athletic, as I'm about to learn, all screwball timing and screwball edge. Mostly she wants to not talk about Cate Blanchett for a second.

"So we're going to have to talk about something else."

SHE'S BEEN TALKING about herself for two days straight, part of a world tour of talking about herself—necessary promotion for Truth, a sturdy movie about the undoing of Dan Rather after 60 Minutes' 2004 story about George W. Bush's contested military service, in which she plays 60 Minutes producer Mary Mapes; and for Carol, the transcendent new Todd Haynes film about a heedless, headlong '50s lesbian romance. Blanchett plays the older, wiser guide to Rooney Mara's young department-store initiate, slinging little, unbearably meaningful half-smiles and sighs like Mike Tyson jabs-it's

■ ZACH BARON M MARK ABRAHAMS



a wildly impressive performance, not least because it rarely feels like a performance at all.

In other words: Another year, another couple of Academy Awards conversations about Blanchett.

She's just trying to get it all over with and go back to Sydney, where she and her husband and four kids live, and where it is very hard for studio publicity departments to get her to do things she doesn't want to do. "The wonderful thing that I have is I live in Australia. 'What?? The phone line's really bad, sorry, I can't—'"
She makes a phone-static sound. "That's when you resort to every cliché: 'I'm really sorry, a kangaroo just got run over outside our house.'"

A peal of serrated laughter.

MARTINI NUMBER TWO for both of us. How does Cate Blanchett drink martinis so fucking fast? We talk about our parents. Her father died suddenly when she was 10. Okay. "When your parents die so young, you just incorporate it," she says. "Everyone likes to think, 'Oh, that's why you became an actor, that's why you've got—' They look for a narrative in your life. Suddenly, once you've done a few interviews, there's an 'Oh, I see.' Like it's some algebraic equation. Life's not like that."

In both *Carol* and *Truth*—and *Blue Jasmine*, and *Elizabeth*, and *Notes on a Scandal*, in so many great Blanchett roles, and there really are so many great Blanchett roles—she plays strong, powerful, smart women who are nearly torn to pieces by things out of their control. Who are steeped in grief. Performances that are clinics in showing all the ways a person can be undone. Surely it's all somehow related?

"If you stand blank in front of a camera," Cate Blanchett explains wearily, "there's something you cannot control that is simply what the camera sees in you. You do nothing in front of a camera and it sees into you and there's some quality, some inescapable quality, and it's not really useful to know what that is."

After her father died, she says, "I didn't really think about my experience. I do something where I physically get up most days of the week and do weird shit and have catharsis. And so I guess any of that unprocessed stuff kind of gets worked through—it's not that I'm seeing my job as some form of therapy. I mean, I find that notion quite disgusting, actually—repulsive. But I do have catharsis in my work. If I was an unemployed actor, I think I'd probably be less emotionally healthy. You know what I mean?"

AN ILL-ADVISED DETOUR into the Sony hack, which I'd shamefacedly Googled earlier in the day, alongside the words "Cate Blanchett." I found reports of an Aaron Sorkin e-mail to Maureen Dowd: "Year in and year out, the guy who wins the Oscar for Best Actor has a much higher bar to clear than the woman who wins Best Actress," the e-mail said. "Cate gave a terrific performance in *Blue Jasmine* but nothing close to the degree of difficulty for any of the five Best Actor nominees."

She and I had been talking about *Steve Jobs*—"I'm a huge Sorkin fan," she says.

So I quote the e-mail back to her.

"What does that mean?"

I think he was being disparaging about the bar for women's performances winning awards.

"He's not the first. He's not the first."

Is that honestly the first time you'd heard that?

"No, no, I don't read that shit. No, I'm interested in talking about what the Sony hack means, but in terms of trolling through it to find out about who said what about who... I didn't assume that it could have had anything to do with me, but I guess I've worked for them or have had intersections with them, so... Yeah, and the other thing is I'm not in this business expecting or wanting everyone to like what I do. Believe me, I'm the harshest critic of what I do myself, so no one can say anything worse out there than I say to myself. And I've worked with a lot of people that I wouldn't necessarily want to go out to dinner with."

Well, I'll ask you the question a different way. "To try and get the right answer." She laughs. No-

"Just tell me what you want me to say!" She laughs again.

Did you learn anything about your industry that you didn't already know from the Sony hack?

"I knew that it was hacked, but I didn't go and troll over the broken bones and identify the dead bodies. I didn't do that. I was doing other stuff."

MARTINI NUMBER THREE. She tells me the kind of story you tell someone after the third martini, one eye on the door. I'm nodding sagely, or drunkenly—it's hard to tell at this point. It's kind of a tangent but—in the moment, at least—it feels meaningful. So here goes. Cate Blanchett and her family go up to northwestern Australia, where it's really wild. They're guests of the Australian Wildlife Conservancy, who do biodiversity stuff up there, "and there's a huge problem in Australia, cane toads, of course, but also feral cattle and feral cats—huge. Like 2 million native mammals are killed a night by feral cats."

All figures, needless to say, are approximate.

Anyway: "So then what they do is they put GPS tracking collars on these feral cats and they follow them through their feeding frenzies—this is so *boring*," Cate Blanchett says with a sigh. But then she goes on.

Up in the northwest there are bushfires, she says. And when there are fires, "these feral cats go to the line that the bushfire has reached, where all of the native mammals are escaping the bushfire. And the cats have this feeding frenzy for two or three weeks. It's terrible."

That's disgusting. A feral-cat massacre.

"Yeah. It's really a serious, serious problem—"

Imagine being caught between a wildfire and a—

"A feral cat, yeah." Cate Blanchett grins, raises
her eyebrows. "That's what it's like being an actor.
It's terrible."

ZACH BARON is GQ's staff writer.

The **MOTY XX** Multiplex

The men behind six of the year's best films pick one movie from the past 20 years that we'll still be watching 20 years from now.



DENIS VILLENEUVE

Director, Sicario

The Pick: There Will Be Blood

"His best film so far, a strong equilibrium between classicism and vanguard filmmaking. It builds to a dreadful conclusion: From that moment on, new generations will be baptized with oil. He's a fantastic choreographer—in PTA's movies, characters are not walking but dancing. And Jonny Greenwood's score is a landmark in cinema—still unmatched."



RICK FAMUYIWA

Director, Dope

The Pick: Toy Story <u>Director:</u> John Lasseter

• "It's like King Kong. It's like Snow White. It's like 2001: A Space Odyssey. And it's subversive in that it was this unexpected format—the first completely computer-animated feature film. Growing up with a single mom, I lost myself in imagination like Andy, creating universes, pitting toys against each other. I'm still doing that today but with real people."



QUENTIN TARANTINO

Director, The Hateful Eight

The Pick: Battle Royale Director: Kinji Fukasaku

• "Hands down the best movie made since I've been a filmmaker. It's the only movie made in the last 20 years that I wish I'd made. Except I would have made it with just black people on the island. I don't know, though, if we have at Exorcist. Even The Sting is sucking The Exorcist's dick. Forty years from now it'll be just as strong as it ever was."



○The Collaborators

DAVID O. RUSSELL + BRADLEY COOPER

 BRADLEY COOPER and David O. Russell clearly like each other. They talk in shorthand. They giggle like best pals on a school bus. It was four years ago, when Russell was making Silver Linings Playbook, that the actor and director teamed up. In the years since, Cooper has become an unlikely muse—he has been nominated for Oscars for Silver Linings and their next project, American Hustle (which together garnered 18 nominations). Just before the release of their latest collaboration—Joy, a film about triumph, motherhood, and, yes, mops-Russell and Cooper sat down to talk about working together.

eq: When you first cast him, David, you must have seen something other people hadn't in Bradley Cooper.

DAVID O. RUSSELL: He's a force. I sensed something. It was new for me, it was new for him. And we rolled right out of *Silver Linings* into *American Hustle*.

Has he changed as an actor since then?

DOR: There's a certain gravitas now. Early on, he had a more boyish quality. Which we leaned into in *Silver Linings.* Over the last five years, I've watched him become a man. I watched him onstage in *The Elephant Man* three times—it's extraordinary.

So now you've collaborated on three movies. Is there a trajectory?

DOR: Yes, there is. The guy in *Joy* is a stronger man. More mature. I think some gravitas from working with Clint Eastwood *[in* American Sniper] rubbed off. And now I get to work with him and see where that goes.

Bradley, how's it changed for you, working with David?
BRADLEY COOPER: Now he's like my brother. That's not just because he's here, or because we're doing this interview. It's just the truth. I love working with David so much. Every day, I remind myself, "You get to work with the greatest

director around. And he asks you to collaborate with him."

There are times when you realize you're threading the needle in a beautiful way, which happened a lot with Richie DiMaso [the character Cooper played in American Hustle]. I love that character so much.

DOR: We've talked about making a movie just about that character. I would! A sequel about just that character.

About an FBI guy losing track—DOR: No, just Richie—after he

starts his new life!

BC: Does he still curl his hair?

DOR: Forget his hair. I just want to

D

be with that guy.-Joshuah bearman





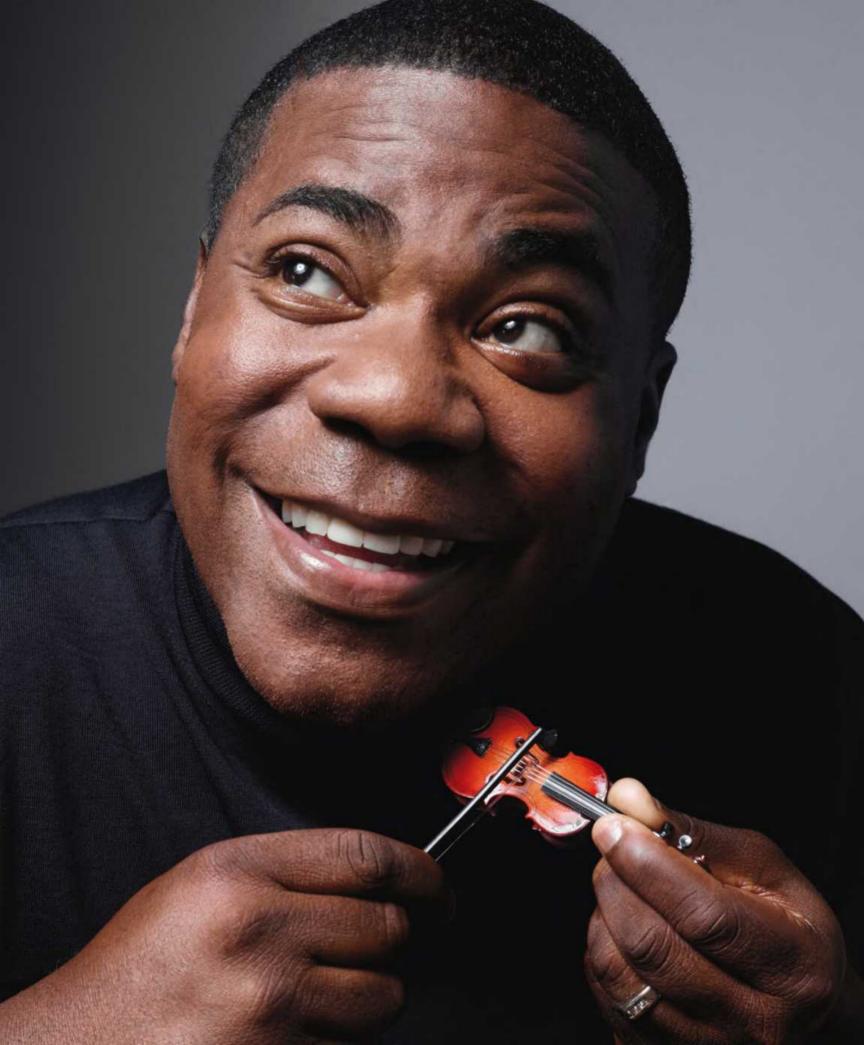
DON'T CRY FOR TRACY MORGAN

LAST YEAR, HE WAS IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT SO DEVASTATING, SO SPIRIT-BREAKING, IT WAS DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE EVER LAUGHING AT HIM AGAIN. NOW, THOUGH, AS HE MAKES HIS DEFIANT RETURN TO COMEDY, MORGAN SHARES THE GRIM AND GRITTY OF HIS RECOVERY. AND WE DARE YOU NOT TO CRACK UP

Frmenegildo Zegna







RACY MORGAN stands in the opulent wreckage of what will soon be his new kitchen, in his brand-new \$14 million house (in the works: an all-black basement bowling alley, a shark tank suspended above the pool, a living-room tank for his Pacific octopus) in his new New Jersey town, not ten miles from the Bronx neighborhood where, in another life long ago, he worked at Yankee Stadium, hawking pretzels and scalping tickets.

Here, inside this new life—his second, third, maybe *fourth* new life—wires spring from the wall, hammers pound, and workmen shout in a Babel's tower of Spanish, Portuguese, and accented English. A drill keeps whining in the background; ten empty pizza boxes sit idle, piled high on the dusty counter. "I always buy my team *pizza*," he says, doing what

only Tracy Morgan can: screwing up his face, modulating his voice, turning a statement into a punch line. "You gotta keep these dudes *fed* if you want them *to do shit*. Ain't that right, fellas?" He turns to four workers—each Brazilian—who smile back at Tracy Morgan smiling. Then he waggles his head and makes a long, serious face, as if about to confide a secret. "You guys really know what the fuck you're doing around here!"

This summer Morgan married his longtime companion—and mother of his daughter—Megan Wollover. ("It's been a long year for all of us, and something great had to come out of it, and that was it.") He also reached a settlement with Walmart, which agreed to pay him an undisclosed amount and take responsibility for the June 2014 accident on the New Jersey Turnpike that left Morgan critically injured and fellow comedian James McNair, a.k.a. Jimmy Mack—one of Morgan's oldest friends in show business—dead. ("Let's just say Walmart stepped up, for me and for Jimmy's kids, and I'm very happy.")

As the one-year anniversary came and went this past June, Morgan appeared on the *Today* show with his lawyer and a cane, still showing the effects of his injuries, which included massive head trauma; a broken leg, nose, and rib; temporary blindness; and depression. It was a Tracy Morgan many of us had not seen before, accustomed as we are to Tracy Jordan, the infectious, lopsided malapropist of *30 Rock*, or a slew of other personae—from Brian Fellow to Dominican Lou—he popularized during his eight-year run on *SNL*. This Tracy Morgan was somber, and seemed still broken, admitting that he didn't know how to be funny yet.

But now, in his torn-open kitchen, before the audience of Brazilians, he's bringing the comedy again at last. He's talking about Obama and the Iran deal. "You know, I'm like the Gambino family," he says to the assembled. "Now, I hear they did this Iran deal and cut me the fuck out. You cut me out of the deal? Someone's gonna get clipped." He goes on for a while, until the men retreat back to work.

He leads me out to the unfinished pool house, we sit, and he tells me he counts his blessings every day. "Tough times don't last," he says. "Tough dudes do."

GQ: So, how are you?

TRACY MORGAN: I'm here. There's a gift that God gave me to get me through all the ups and the downs in my life, and this tragic accident and all that. I've made people laugh along the way while I've recovered—little giggles, big laughs, outburst laughs—because that's my nature.

Did you learn something in the recovery process that hadn't occurred to you before?

Yeah: People care. People care a lot, that's what I learned. *People care*. There's so much negativity in the world that sometimes you feel like you could give up, and I had people who took care of me after the accident, and they never let me go. I feel it nowadays when I'm in the streets, when people say, "We love you. We miss you. We pray for you. We are so thankful that you're on your feet."

After days in a coma, what's the first thing you remember when you came out? I don't remember none of that stuff....

Nothing at all?

No, you don't want to. My brain doctors all say, "You don't want to remember that." It's something in your brain that is protecting you.

Your wife, Megan, made a mix that she played for you when you were in the coma—what was on it?



I guess we rolled, and while we were rolling, God may have fooled around with us in the sky. He said, 'You, you, and you—you stay there. You? You're coming with me.'"

Everything. A lot of old-school R&B. "Do the Hustle." She said in my coma I did the hustle all night long with no bullshit going on, just the hustle all night long. It was all the music that I loved to listen to: Sly and the Family Stone; Michael Jackson, because I'm the biggest Michael Jackson fan; Prince, I'm the biggest Prince fan; Stephanie Mills; old-school hip-hop. She put the O'Jays on, and it just kept playing for two weeks straight. She's trying to bring her man back, to come home, and one day I came home.

And now you're married.

I've got a dime. Oh yeah, she's a dime, my wife is gorgeous, fucking dime piece. A million women in the world can't fuck with that—she ain't five pennies and a nickel, she ain't ten pennies. She's a fucking dime! And I know it. I've got a fetish for my wife. When I leave here, I'll go on and get her pregnant. You know me: I'm old-school. I don't use no rubbers, and I don't pull out. "Tracy, stop, pull out!" I said who, what, when, where, why, for...whoops! Now my daughter's here. Life is good, God is great. Can't turn that funny off, it is what it is.

When you first came out...

I wasn't in a good place. I didn't get into a good place until maybe ten months later. I started to remember and think and all of that stuff. They taught me how to walk again, and stand up and sit up again, and it was really painful for a long time. I did therapists, did cognitive—what do they call it? Did cognitive therapy. Still doing it.... That therapy, the psychiatrist had to keep going back to see me. People look at you like you...excuse me... [He gets emotional.]

Yeah, no, it's scary....

I'm here. And—always been spiritual. Physical death is so permanent, so final, but when we are on a spiritual level, that means we transcend. Yoko Ono said it best when John Lennon died. She allowed herself to grieve. Grieve. Grieve a few months. I don't feel sorry for Jimmy. Jimmy was a good man—I know he home. We still dealing with this shit down here. Jimmy's home. Jimmy's with us. He wasn't a sorry person. He was a good man, I know he with God, I don't even worry about that.

Can you talk about Saturday Night Live a little? When and how did you decide to host in October?

Me and Lorne started talking one day. He called me to see how I was doing, as he always does. He always calls me on my birthday, too, always.... I love Lorne Michaels like I love my dad, man. I love Lorne. He's my Obi-Wan Kenobi. I love that man and got emotional on the phone with him, because that's how I feel for him in my heart. I said, "Lorne, I'm going to come home." And he simply said, "The door is open." And maybe a week later, I got a call about the hosting date [in October], and I said, "I'm in. This is what I do." I'm a survivor. I was just

in an accident, but because of comedy I didn't end up a statistic like a lot of my friends did growing up in the projects. I was able to make people laugh to keep them off of my back.

You know I'll never forget: I was a cast member on *SNL* when 9/11 happened, and the show was delayed because of what had just happened to the country and New York. So I wondered: How are we going to do this again? And Lorne came out with this smart idea to let Rudy Giuliani tell the world, "It's time to laugh." And doing *Saturday Night Live* is my way to say it's time to laugh again.

Do you remember the first time that you realized you were funny?

My father was Richard Pryor funny, so I'd see where he would come to the projects and everyone would be like, "Jimmy's here-Jimmy Morgan's here, everyone, Jimmy's here." And everyone would gather around, and he'd start telling jokes. I can remember sitting on the basketball court, maybe I was 5 years old, and my dad was joking on this guy named Boo-Boo, and Mike Purvis, and Boo-Boo was a funny dude, and Mike Purvis was a funny dude. I don't remember what the joke was, but I said, "Your mama...," and everybody started laughing. When I got to high school, I had friends on the football team, but I realized being the funny dude, you get the girls. So that's when it got real. I was really funny in high school-that's when I started to home in.

But at the same time you played football.

Yeah, I played football, and yeah, I was the funny-dude athlete, and yeah, the girls like that. But my dad died of AIDS. I was still in high school, and I fell apart because my dad was dying of AIDS. I watched him for like two years, I was the one taking care of him. I came home from high school, my dad was sitting outside— I knew he wasn't supposed to be out there, he was close to death-and I said, "Dad, what are you doing out here, man?" He said, "I want to get some air." Because in '86, '87, they didn't know what AIDS was-I carried him all the way upstairs, and he started crying. I said "What's wrong, Dad?" He said, "I remember when I carried you through the door." After that, I stopped going to school and started running with the bad crowd, because that was my best friend, and he was leaving me again. I lost him when I was 6, and then I lost him again....

You lost him when you were 6?

My mom decided to kick him to the curb because he was using drugs, but he was always in our life. And then when I've finally got him, when I was finally living with him, he's dying of AIDS. So when he died, I got lost, you know, proverbially. I was lost in the world, doing bad things, out here in the streets, because I didn't have that guidance. It was gone. But then I found my ex-wife, and she provided me with that responsibility because she had two kids already, so I took responsibility and I became



coat Dunhill

turtleneck
Calvin Klein
Collection

a man, and those were like my backup, my support team right there, with my kids—and I never call them my stepkids—my kids and my ex-wife are my support team, and I started making people laugh.

But how did it become a thing, your profession? Because you were dealing, too, right?

Drugs. Say it. That's what I did, it was part of my life.

Were you a bad drug dealer? Yeah.

Why?

I wasn't willing to go that far.

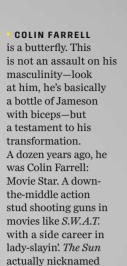
To the violent part of it?

I would rather have been ridiculed. But all the kids in my neighborhood were selling drugs. I'm part of the '80s generation, the lost

generation. We dealt with crack, AIDS—so our generation is wiped out. Because of that, it was so easy, so accessible, everybody making tons of money off of it, and little did we know we destroyed our own community.

And comedy saved you?

It was my way of just asking for forgiveness, of turning things around at some point. This was 1993. I came across this drug dealer, and he said, "You never been to Uptown Comedy Club?" He took me to watch one really good comedian, and I said, "Wow, if he can do it... I'm funny, I'm funny, too." I said, "I'm going to get onstage," but it cost ten bucks to get in, and I didn't have any money, but then my man Rob-he was a security guard-he was like, "Yo, you funny?" and I was like, "Yeah, I'm funny," and he said, "Come to the workshop Wednesday." And I showed up at the workshop on a Wednesday, and guess who was the first person I met: Jimmy Mack. (continued on page 251)



him the Lusty Leprechaun. "That was probably fair,"

Farrell admits now. But at some pointin between fatherhood and sobriety-Farrell got back to acting, something he was always good at, and became the kind of guy who could star in a Malick movie and no one would blink. The kind of guy who could come away from the True $\mathit{Detective}$ tire fire still smelling like an Irish rose. The only downside of Colin Farrell's rebirth as a character actor trapped in the body of Colin Farrell is that the results are often too grim to show his two sons, ages 6 and 12. "But that's okay," he says. "They're kind of bored by my work. And the more people I have in my life who are not interested in what I do, the better."-Lauren bans





SO IT'S BEEN more than 20 years and where is Naomi now?

0

PARI DUKOVIC



The Obsession



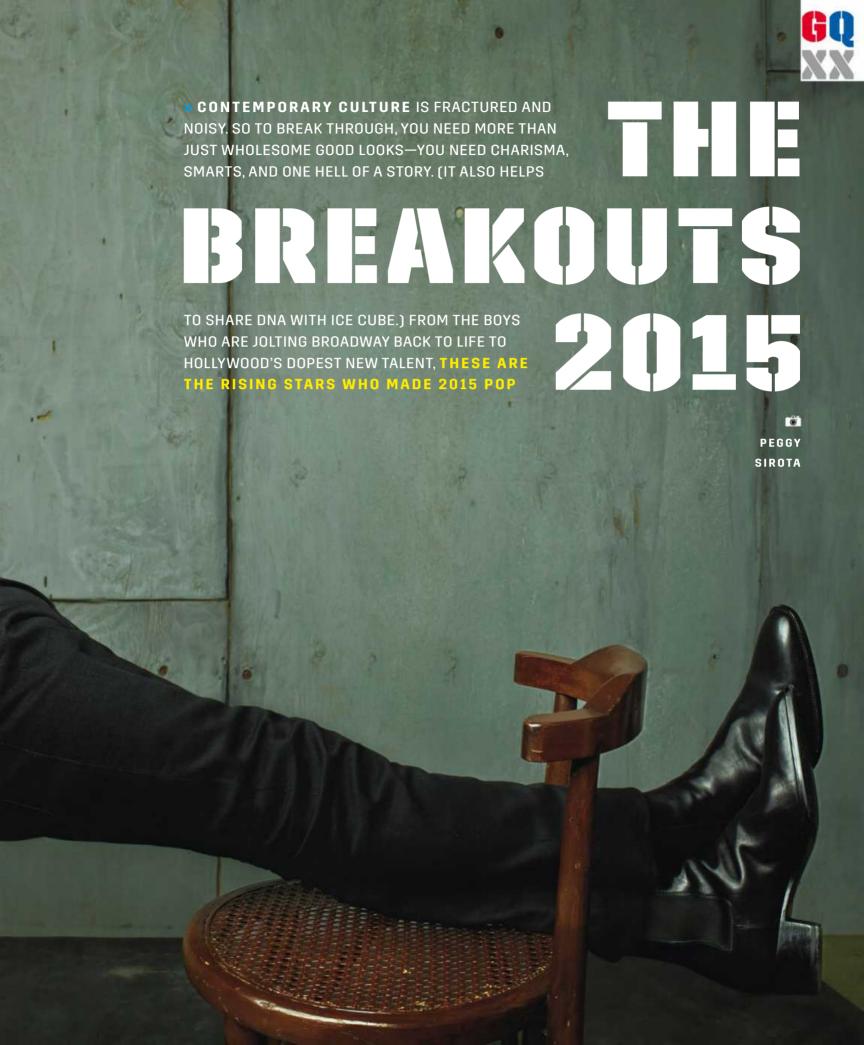
Rami Malek

STAR TURN: The twitchy vigilante hacker Elliot on surprise hit Mr. Robot AGE: 34
HOMETOWN: L.A.
WHERE WE FIRST
SAW HIM: As a resurrected pharaoh in Night at the \overline{Museum} WHEN WE KNEW
HE WAS GOOD: Five
minutes into the show WHEN HE KNEW HE
WAS GOOD: When
his portrayal of morphine withdrawal really upset his mother: "That must say something about my acting, if I'm convincing my mom that I'm actually sick." PRE-'ROBOT'
REJECTION: "The
rejection is something that takes a while to get used to. It does allow me to talk to any girl now without fear that she'll say no."

eight pages, we'll show you four of 2015's most abiding trends—starting with this rocker look. Yes, it's an all-black outfit built around boots and a leather jacket, but what makes it contemporary is the polka-dot shirt. (Because it's not enough to look like a rock 'n' roll tough—you want to look like a rock 'n' roll tough with a sly sense of humor.)

jacket \$4,350 shirt \$990 tie \$295 jeans \$590 boots \$895 Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane







The 'Hamilton' Gang

A.K.A.; From left, Jonathan Groff, Daveed Diggs, Lin-Manuel Miranda STAR TORR. The breakout trio of Broadway's unlikely historical hiphopera, Hamilton

When everybody from Michelle Obama to Busta Rhymes to Steve Martin started showing up. "It was like the Internet came to the show last night," Miranda says. (Also: when Miranda "genius" award.)

when they knew
IT WAS A HIT. "When
we announced our
last extension at The
Public, the guy
who runs the theater
said, 'You crashed
our phone!' says
Miranda. "That's when
I realized, Oh, this
is another thing is another thing. This is not a typical

"Rapping in a musical on Broadway," Diggs says. "That sentence doesn't make any sense in my brain." FANBOY CELEBRITY SIGHTING: Says Groff: Supreme Court changing our lives and our kids' lives and our kids' kids' lives. He's at *Hamilton*? Like, he's at a musical? What!"

WHEN YOU'RE CALLED A GENIUS: "Everyone

started texting my wife," Miranda says. "Just being like, 'Why is *he* the one who got the genius grant? Everyone knows you're the smarter one.'"







Brie Larson

TAR TURN: A mother held captive with her 5-year-old son in the harrowing *Room*

WHEN WE FIRST
SAW HER: A few
movies, but really as
Toni Collette's wildchild daughter in United States of Tara

MOST HUGS FROM STRANGERS AFTER A MOVIE: Room.

Duh. "Because people watch me in such a vulnerable state for two hours, they feel this connection, like they can be vulnerable with me. I get a lot of people hugging me

or people ringging me and crying."
DID SOMEONE SAY
OSCAR?: Yes—us.
ON HER LATEST
AWARDS-CAMPAIGN

CIRCUIT: "You just get to see a lot of different places really quickly. You don't spend a lot of time outside. I've been tripping about it a little bit. It's kind of like being in *Room*.... You go from cars to airplanes to hotel rooms back to cars to airplanes. But I guess life is just a series of rooms. I've never looked at it that way!"





Shameik Moore

tuxedo jacket (on floor) Calvin Klein Collection

Jeans \$595 **Dolce <u>& Gabbana</u>** boxer shorts \$7

Paul Smith

Cartier

Giuseppe Zanotti Design

nerd-king Malcolm in the Technicolor Inglewood coming-ofage indie, Dope

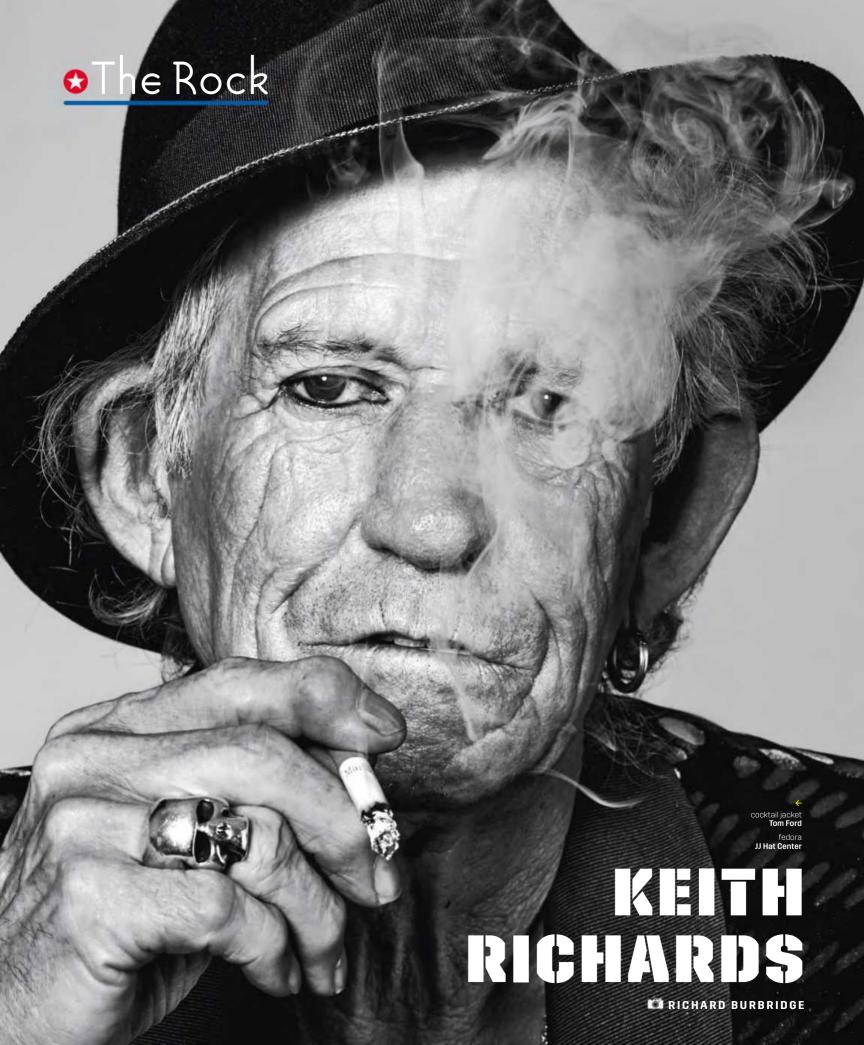
"That was yesterday.
I was in an Uber.
I looked out the window and this girl was looking dead What's wrong with you?' They're all just standing there, her and her friends, looking at each other. It really hit me. It was more than just, 'Hey, that's that dude from *Dope*.'" ON BAZ LUHRMANN'S
NEW SERIES, 'THE
GET DOWN': "The
craziest thing is that I knew I was going to get the part. When I met Baz, it was immediate. It was like I already knew him."

ON O'SHEA JACKSON

JR.: "When I saw that movie, I was proud. I was like, man, there's a lot of us out here, moving forward."

grooming (for malek, boyega, and jackson) and larson's hair and makeup by johnny hernandez for fierro agency: styled by michael nash. grooming (for hamilton cast and moore) by sussy campos prop styling by juliet jernigan at clm. produced by bauie productions.

where to buy it? go to gq.com /go/fashiondirectories



"No."





NE HAD EXPECTED someone rather more titanic than the creased elf in the opposite chair. The poster of Mr. Richards, blue-gummed to the wall of your childhood bedroom, it turns out, was larger than life-size. Except maybe the ears, which are still growing even as time compresses the body. Painful-looking burls stud the fingers that have done more

for music than any other living hands on earth.

But there is unexpected beauty in the face of this man who has been vexing his obituarists for more than 40 years. Age has tooled his cheeks symmetrically. His eyes, for depth and brownness, might be a deer's or a Labrador retriever's—some gentler mammal than man. The touch of kohl makes him look less the pirate king than the wise and sexy grandmother you wish you'd had. One feels in Mr. Richards's presence the impulse he has provoked in numberless groupies who, he writes, were not so much sex nymphs as "nurses, basically...like the Red Cross. They'd wash your clothes, they'd bathe you and stuff." You kind of want to feed him, swaddle him. Put a bottle to his lips.

His manner is shockingly amiable. He smiles a lot. His sentences tend to drift off into a rumble of quiet laughter. Not that he's actually amused. The laughter, one senses, is a tool to bridge the uneasy gap between normal people and people who invented music for those of us who came of age between 1964 and 1985 or so.

Earlier this year, Keith put out a new record, Crosseyed Heart, his first solo album in 23 years, which is why he's sitting down with me today. The record is a rock 'n' roll veteran's retrospective pleasure cruise through a career's worth of genres past and present: the blues (both Delta and Chicago), funk, reggae, rock, and folk. It is a grown-up sort of catalog that, I respectfully submit to Keith, could be safely played in the company of teenage girls without fear of his body being torn to shreds.

"I hope so," he says with a sigh. "I had enough of the screaming Mimis many years ago. But it was an interesting period, you've gotta say: 3,000 rabid females trying to tear your clothes off. But I can't handle 3,000 at once." With Crosseyed Heart, he says, "I just want to make a good record that will sit there and say, This is part of his work."

We had been urged against needling Mr. Richards to say nasty things about Mick, as other interviewers have fruitfully done in the past. Nonetheless, Keith admits, he might have had no solo career at all if Mr. Jagger, in the mid-'80s, hadn't left the band to strike out on his own. "I only did my records because [Mick] wasn't working with us," he says. Mick's hiatus from the Stones obviously rankles still. "[Jagger's solo work] had something to do with ego. He really had nothing to say. What did he have, two albums? She's the Boss and Primitive Cool?" Omitted from memory are Jagger's Wandering Spirit and Goddess in the Doorway, or Dogshit in the Doorway, as Mr. Richards characterized the album in his autobiography, Life. "Have you listened to any of those records?" he asks.

"Nor have I. I'll leave it at that." He continues: "For me, I never thought of making records as a way of being famous or making a statement. I just want to make good records with good musicians, to play with the best and learn."

Was it hard to write the new record, to simply play music, I ask him, with his own legend in the room? "Sometimes it's daunting," he allows. "But when it comes down to it, actually playing, it just brings me down to sort of zero, as if I was still with Mick locked in a kitchen by Andrew Oldham [the Stones' first producer and manager] saying, 'You ain't coming out until you got a song.'

He would still like to be in that kitchen, or any kitchen, making music, steering clear of his public self, "the ball and chain"—the media caricature who shoots heroin by the quart, drinks Jack Daniel's by the oceanful, and perversely refuses to die. "I guess it makes me chuckle in a way, to have this sort of split thing where on the one hand I'm just a musician who makes records, but I've also got this cartoon character, this extra guy riding around with me. In fact, I talk to him occasionally."

"What do you say to him?" "Gimme a drink!"

66

It was an interesting period, you've gotta say: 3,000 rabid females trying to tear your clothes off. But I can't handle 3,000 at once."

Mr. Richards takes a sip from the cup at his elbow, sparks a new cigarette, exhales a death-defying plume. I ask him if he's seen a meme that's been floating around out there: We need to start worrying about what sort of world we are going to leave for Keith Richards. "How kind of them. But you know, I'm not particularly that old," says Keith, who is actually 71. "If I was 90 or a hundred, I would understand. To me, of course, it's amusing, people think I'm every day—" He cycles through a dope-spree pantomime: smoking, snorting, needle-plunging. "People would be surprised how banal and usual and normal my life at home is. I take out the garbage. I feed the dogs. I bring up the kids."

Keith Richards is not, perhaps, an obvious person to solicit for parenting advice. But without really meaning to, I mention to Mr. Richards that I have a 3-month-old boy at home. "Well done, sir! Congratulations," he says, shaking my hand with sincere solidity and force.

Since my son's arrival, stuck in my head are the lines from the poet Philip Larkin: They fuck you up, your mum and dad. They may not mean to, but they do.

How has Papa Richards done it, then? His son Marlon survived a childhood replete with a lifetime of horrors: needle-drug mayhem, a suicide, police raids, a car wreck in utero. "Of course it was hard on him, growing up like Gypsies, outlaws, nomads. No education. On the road," Keith says.

Yet Marlon, by his and Keith's accounts, has apparently grown into a well-adjusted man, unpoisoned by filial resentment. This strikes me as a triumph beyond par with the "Beast of Burden" riff.

"It's amazing what kids can adapt to. It all comes out in the wash," Keith reflects by way of breezy explanation. "And anyway, we didn't really do anything that wrong. I mean, he could have grown up the son of health-nut freaks."

Marlon now has three children of his own, and Keith is thrilled when they visit. "I don't care how cool and hip and whatever you think you are. You get down the line, baby, what counts is family. This is what I did it for."

And what of Keith's own father? After Keith left home, they didn't speak for nearly 20 years. But is it true that by the time Bert Richards passed away, they'd grown so close that Keith saw fit to snort his old man's ashes up his nose?

"Yes!" Keith says, "I had him in a box in England. I bought this little oak sapling, my idea being that he was gonna fertilize the tree, but when I pulled the top off of the box, wafts of Dad landed on the table. And my dad knows I'd always liked my cocaine, a snort here and there. So I just—" he herds invisible coke with a finger—"and had a line of Dad."

Not that any of us will live to see his passing, but I ask Mr. Richards: Has he given any thought to what he'd like done with his own remains? He shrugs, then chortles smoggily: "I suppose I'll leave everyone a straw."-WELLS TOWER





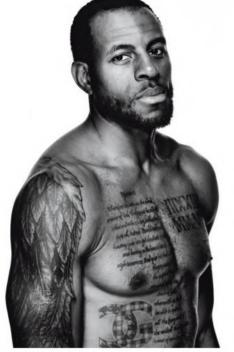
DANIEL RILE STEVEN PAN

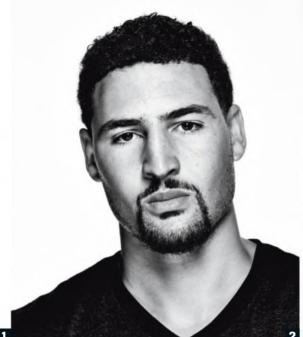
The Game Changer

• IT'S DIFFICULT TO convey how human-sized Stephen Curry is. How unexceptionally scaled they made his body, how modestly shaped the wake is when he moves through space. It is for these reasons, mostly, that he has been serially underrated all his life-as a middle schooler who was the third-smallest kid on a team that included his little brother; as a high schooler who failed to get a scholarship even from his NBA father's alma mater (they offered him a walk-on spot); as a college kid who looked barely old enough for double-digit birthday candles and yet led little Davidson (the Steph Curry of college basketball) to the Elite Eight; and as an NBA draftee whom the league never really expected to earn more than fifth- or sixthman minutes. This composite of underratedness is also, Curry suggests, why basketball fans like him so, so much.

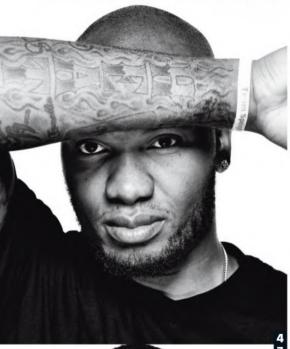
"I'm them," he says. "I can't jump the highest. I'm obviously not the biggest, not the strongest. And so they see me out there and I look like a normal person. Look at those guys over there, man," he says, gesturing to two beefy white dudes in high-tops and tanks, chucking up threes at the opposite end of this bough-shaded court in downtown Charlotte, North Carolina. They've been baiting Steph all afternoon, looking for a game of H-O-R-S-E. Steph waves them off, but his dad, Dell, can't help himself—and so is down there failing to miss. "Those guys," he says, "have probably taken a hundred shots. They can sit out there all day shooting. You can't teach them how to tomahawk dunk, but you could probably teach them how to shoot. And for fans, there'll just always be a personal attachment to the shooting part of the game."

What he's saying is that there is a line— a ladder with perhaps a thousand rungs, but a ladder nonetheless—that connects you and me and those guys over there to Stephen Curry, the reigning MVP and NBA champion. But what that also means is that more than for any other superlative player out there today, all that's transpired for Curry has been counterscript. An exception to the expectation. "The day the vote



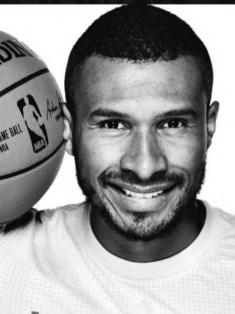


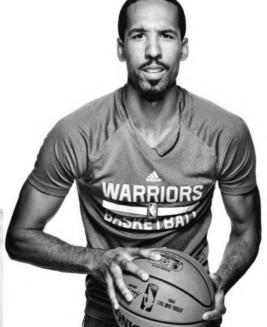


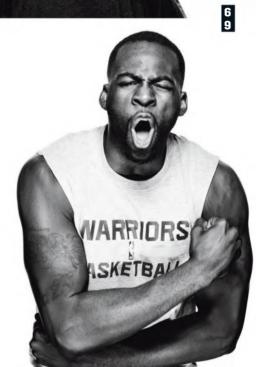














→ IN HIS MVP SPEECH,

Curry addressed, thanked, and characterized the roles of each of his 14 teammates, including:

1 ANDRE IGUODALA

"The ultimate vet, the ultimate professional."

2 KLAY THOMPSON

"My splash bro...
Hopefully we have a
long future, and we can
be the best backcourt
to ever play the game."

3 ANDREW BOGUT

"A.B....our eraser, man... You make us look good on the defensive end."

4 MARREESE SPEIGHTS

"Speize, Mo Speights, Mo Buckets, man, your spirit on the court is contagious."

5 FESTUS EZELI

"SwagZeli... Keep being who you are, but turn that swag down just a little bit."

6 HARRISON BARNES

"The Black Falcon!...
My locker mate...
You've got my vote
when you run for
whatever office after
you're done playing."

7 LEANDRO BARBOSA

"L.B., the Brazilian Blur... You're the funniest dude on this team."

8 SHAUN LIVINGSTON

"S. Dot, man, your journey is crazy.... I love playing with you, because you're low-maintenance."

9 DRAYMOND GREEN

"The voice of the team."

tally came in and they announced the All-Star starters," he says, "I was sitting on the couch with my wife, just staring at the TV. It's me and Kobe and LeBron.... It doesn't make any sense, man." This week is his turn with the championship trophy, and he's taken it back to his childhood house, back to high school, and, these past couple of days, back to college. "I'm just blessed, man, to be able to represent solidarity with the small schools I went to. The whole story is just comical."

During the 2009-10 season, Curry chronicled his rookie year on GQ.com. He and I would meet or speak on the phone every ten days or so to run through the details of his brandnew experiences in the NBA. That season, Curry played on a bad Golden State Warriors team but beat the odds and finished second in the Rookie of the Year voting. He steadily improved in his second season but lost half his third to injury. After his fourth, it was fair to argue—as Nike did, when it failed to match an offer from Under Armour—that the relative peak of his career was behind him. When Steph and I first acknowledge that it's been five years since we've sat down to talk, he says, "Yeah, man, a little bit's changed, huh?"

It's reductive to say that Curry has simply "improved" in recent years. The leap from All-Star consideration to MVP is an unbridgeable gap for almost any player-and he credits a small group of creative basketball minds with squeezing the extra juice out of his natural skill set. When he was rehabbing, for example, an elite training center in Charlotte called Accelerate Basketball designed skills routines he could work through entirely while seatedroutines that dialed in his ball-handling even while he was off his feet. He describes tailormade techniques "to shock your body, sensory things—like, goggles that flash in your face and obstruct your vision while you try to make accurate passes." Some of these elements sound borrowed from the stuff that got the Apollo astronauts ready for the moon. Others are so finely tuned, so specifically designed for someone already at the top of the pyramid, that

All great shooters seek to reduce the space between the catch and release, but Curry is the only player who seems to have eliminated that space altogether.

they remind me of when bodybuilders rep with tiny weights to get their most obscure muscles to pop.

The result is a style of play unlike any other in the NBA. Curry seems to move—with and without the ball—as though he's tracing the scribbles of a kindergartner. Long, looping runs. Short, sharp cuts in claustrophobic corners. All great shooters seek to reduce the space between the catch and release, but Curry is the only player who seems to have eliminated that space altogether. When he fires from long range, the motion has more in common with a volleyball set than a basketball shot, the ball trampolining off his fingers. Curry shoots more now than ever before, and he makes more, too—more threes in the 2014–15 season, in fact, than any player in NBA history.

Here in Charlotte, summer's tipped over into fall, and Curry's cramming in the final moments of his off-season at home. Because it's something of a rare return, everyone's filing through. While Dad's putting the tank-top trash-talkers in their place, his mom, sister, wife, and daughter Riley are milling around. Though Steph has had a reasonably memorable summer—NBA title; MVP; daughter number two; golf with the President ("We played for a dollar; you've gotta play for something, but that wasn't gonna move the needle for him or me")—Riley's summer was pretty momentous, too.

"With Riley now, it's this whole new challenge, with people recognizing her when we walk down the street. Everywhere we go, everybody's asking, 'Where's Riley?'" he says. It was everyone's favorite sideways sports story-Steph's then 2-year-old goes viral after singing Drake lyrics at a post-game press conference and disposing of her chewing gum in a team employee's palmbut Steph grows more incredulous as he gets going. "We got TV shows, managers, sponsors calling, wanting to do deals with a 3-year-old, and we're like, 'What do you mean?' How much is too much? We're obviously on alert and trying to protect her childhood as much as possible. You learn that there's no right way to do it, no wrong way to do it. It's just what you feel comfortable with, to trust that and don't let anybody box you in to a certain style of parenting or make you feel a certain way about what vour kids do. However much we want to let our daughter-daughters now, still weird to sayinto the world that I am in, there's no wrong way to do it, it's just your way."

I wonder if his mind's drifting back to the scene, moments ago, when three generations of Currys were stacked up on the court—mom and dad at one end, Riley and a rainbow of Chick-fil-A dipping sauces at the other. "People have told me, 'You shouldn't bring your daughter onto the podium, 'cause it's the workplace,' and things like that. But I'm not gonna really listen to that. I'm gonna do what I think is fun for me and my family, and everything'll be all right."

DANIEL RILEY is GQ's senior editor.







» HE'S OFTEN SAID HIS GOAL IS A CLEAN SWEEP-TEN MOVIES, TEN CLASSICS—AND THAT HE'LL RETIRE AFTER THE TENTH. WHICH **WOULD MAKE THE FILM** HE'S FINISHING UP NOW HIS NEXT-TO-NEXT-TO-LAST. CAN HE GET THERE? WILL HE REALLY QUIT IF HE DOES? GQ's ZACH BARON **CATCHES QUENTIN** TARANTINO NEAR THE SUMMIT OF HIS-SELF-PROCLAIMED!—"CLIMB TO IMMORTALITY"



SEBASTIAN KIM



UENTIN TARANTINO lives up in the Hollywood Hills, in the same house he's had since 1996, with a movie theater built into one wing of the house and a terrace with a swimming pool and an orange tree and a *Planet of the Apes* statue out back. That's where he's sitting one night in October, glass of red wine in hand, watching the sun go down. He's still got to finish the sound mix and work on the colors, but his newest film,

The Hateful Eight, is otherwise pretty much done. He shot it on 65-millimeter film, like Paul Thomas Anderson did with *The Master*, and then he had his studio buy up pretty much every existing 70-millimeter projector in the country so he could personally equip 100 theaters with them and show the movie the way he thinks it should be shown.

He describes The Hateful Eight as "a claustrophobic snow Western"—a chamber piece, like Reservoir Dogs or The Iceman Cometh, but set in the wintry post-Civil War 1800s. It's about a bounty hunter (Kurt Russell) escorting a prisoner (Jennifer Jason Leigh) to justice, only to be diverted into Tarantino-land-a.k.a. a tavern of sorts called Minnie's Haberdashery, which doesn't sell hats-where six other men are waiting out a snowstorm, and nobody's who they say they are. It also stars Sam Jackson and Michael Madsen and Bruce Dern; everyone wears giant furs. "I think it could be my best movie," Tarantino says. "If not, at least in my top four." Which is a hilarious qualifier, since he's only made eight. People count Tarantino movies because he's maintained for a while now that he's only making ten. Maybe not even ten. "If film projection goes the way of the dodo bird, well, then, maybe I might not even get to ten," he says.

He sounds weirdly at peace saying that anticipating the end of the work he's given his life to. He seems, frankly, weirdly at peace in general, holed up with his costume-designer girlfriend, every memorabilia-crammed room here like some exhibit in a future Tarantino museum, with a Charro! poster on the bathroom wall and a couple of muscle cars out front and a glittery view of the Valley's fading light. He's still the antic, emphatic, maniacally gesticulating guy of '90s popular imagination, but he also turned 52 recently. "I tend to always think of myself as perpetually 35 or so," Tarantino says. "So, you know, it's a bit of a drag, in certain regards. And in other regards, I've really enjoyed it. I mean...a lot of shit that used to really be on my mind is kind of gone now."

He sits up in his chair, tries to explain. "I'm over a whole lot of stuff," he says. He places his finger at the precise center of the table we're sitting at. "If the universe was this table, I'm right here where I wanted to be at this point in time, at this point in my life, at this point in my filmography. I'm right where I wanted to be."

GQ: How did you spend your time off between *Django* and *The Hateful Eight?*QUENTIN TARANTINO: Usually, when I'm done, I want to spend two months on my couch. I want to just pretty much nail the door shut, fuck the phone, and just go to sleep whenever. I have a completely erratic sleeping schedule.

I fall asleep whenever I want. I get up whenever I want. Just two months of just watching movies and doing cinema writing and just vegging out that way. And I start emerging and just start, you know, getting back into the swing of things of life.

The people in your life must want to murder you during that sleep-whenever-vou-want phase.

One of the privileges you have of living the life of an artist and creating your own world and everything is the fact that, in-between times, you can kind of spend them however you want.

Because, you know, once you open up your candy store again, you're open for business. And you have to be responsible. You have to be available. But, you know, that in-between time, I get to really live the fun life of a graduate student.

The legend is that you wrote *Pulp Fiction* in Amsterdam with no phone. Are those the conditions you need to write?

No, I don't need to go anywhere to write. It can be fun. I have a cell phone, and the only person who has the number is my girlfriend. Because I don't need anyone to call me as I'm walking down the street or driving from hill to dale. You know, my landline is my phone. And so I unplug it, or I don't listen to it for a while. I'm good. I'll play some of the messages. I'll hear them when they come in. Okay, fine.

And that doesn't cause you anxiety?

No, no. My problem is the opposite. It causes me no anxiety whatsoever. A lot of people figure that's my problem: I have no anxiety about shutting the world out at all.

How does something like *The Hateful Eight* emerge from that process?

I liked the idea of creating a new pop-culture, folkloric-hero character that I created with *Django*, that I think's gonna last for a long time. And I think as the generations go on and everything, you know, my hope is it can be a rite of passage for black fathers and their sons. Like, when are they old enough to watch *Django Unchained?* And when they get old enough—14 or 15 or something like that—then maybe it's something that they do with their fathers, and it's a cool thing. And then Django becomes their cowboy hero. *(continued on page 252)*

The MOTY XX Multiplex CONT'D



AARON SORKIN

Screenwriter, Steve Jobs

The Pick: Inglourious Basterds (And Lincoln. And Toy Story.) Director: Ouentin Tarantino

• "Film students will study Inglourious Basterds. The brightest kids in the class will realize that the secret ingredient in a Tarantino film is the filmmaker's unhinged love of making films. Screenwriting students will study Tony Kushner's screenplay for Lincoln. They say professional golfers look at Tiger Woods and think, 'That guy's playing a different game.' Twenty years from now, screenwriters will look at Tony Kushner and think, 'That guy's playing a different game.' And Tony will be home re-watching Toy Story."



GUILLERMO DEL TORO

Director, Crimson Peak

The Pick: Fargo Directors: Joel & Ethan Coen

"At once full of the humor and well-observed, ill-fated characters of their 'blessed fools' comedies and suffused with the melancholic power of their 'small man' tragedies. The first time I saw Fargo, it was as if I had accessed a keyall of the other Coens' films opened up in new ways: cinematic illumination."



CARY JOJI FUKUNAGA

Director, Beasts of No Nation

The Pick: Boogie Nights
Director: Paul Thomas Anderson

"It's one of the few movies that's on my phone. I've watched it so many times—high double digits, maybe triple digits—every time looking for a flaw, and I just can't find one thing wrong. The casting, the music, the editing, even the slight tonal shifts, are flawlessly executed."





SCOTT COOPER + JOHNNY DEPP

• SCOTT COOPER is a "collaborative genius," says Johnny Depp. Johnny Depp is a "national treasure," says Scott Cooper. They're loving each other up pretty good—and why not? The movie we're talking about—*Black* Mass, the story of Jimmy "Whitey" Bulger was a mutual triumph.

Depp has said that in depicting Bulger, the Boston crime boss, he drew on a reservoir of "old hillbilly rage" (a holdover from his tumultuous Kentucky childhood). "That's not necessarily that far from the surface at times," Depp says now. "To the degree that you can control it, have access to it in a split second, that's what Jimmy Bulger had. I knew that's what the role required." One day, Cooper's 9-year-old daughter, Stella, visited the set "when violent things weren't happening," recalls Cooper, who also directed 2009's Crazy Heart. "I looked down, and she's looking up at Johnny"—with his blue contact lenses. complex hairpiece, and a front tooth made dead-gray with makeup—"like she was thinking to herself, 'Hold on. That's Jack Sparrow. But he doesn't look like it.' And I thought: What a great way to fuck your kids up."-AMY WALLACE

◆The Franchise

WILL SMITH

ERIC RAY DAVIDSON



• BEFORE JUNIOR
Seau killed himself, and before Dave
Duerson killed
himself, and before
5,000 retired
players sued the NFL
instead of waiting
to find out if they
would feel like killing
themselves, there
was Bennet Omalu,

a young forensic neuropathologist from Nigeria who, in a dingy morgue in Pittsburgh in 2002, discovered the brain disease behind the madness. He sounded the alarm, only to be trashed by the league. This month, in *Concussion*, Will Smith portrays him in what Smith

calls the most emotionally complicated role of his nearly 25-year career. (The film is an adaptation of the 2009 *GQ* story about Omalu.) "As an actor, you live for that type of delicious peculiarity," he says of first meeting the

quirky Omalu, a guy who used to bring brains home and study them on his balcony. "He is such a unique being. As an actor, I was excited. But as a lover of football, I was conflicted. I was almost called to be an activist against myself," says Smith, who got obsessed with

the sport when
his son Trey was a
standout high school
player. "I was the
crazy father on the
sidelines. That was
me." Now he's asking
America to face some
harsh realities about
its favorite game—
and there's buzz that
the performance

polo (both pages) Giorgio Armani

could finally earn the long-adored leading man his first Oscar. "This type of movie checks all of the boxes of who I want to be," he says, "the type of human I want to grow into in this lifetime."

—JEANNE MARIE LASKAS





MARK SELIGER The Svengali



E NEED MORE ethnic movies. We need more movies starring women. We need more comedies made by Jewish men." But those aren't issues I care about.

My cause is to champion the unfunny—show them that they, too, can bring the world joy and then be ignored at awards time. Here are a few of the projects I am developing over at Apatow Production HQ!—JUDD APATOW

- THE POPE stars in an action comedy called *Find That Pope,* in which he runs from Vatican assassins after attempting to allow women to be priests and have reproductive rights. Comedy ensues when he has to pretend to be gay while hiding out at a Santa Monica Boulevard gay bar. And guess what—he loves it!!
- ANTONIN SCALIA lights up the screen in a remake of *Grumpy Old Men*, also starring David Koch. Watch their misadventures as they try to seduce Ruth Bader Ginsburg on a frozen lake during a winter ice-fishing competition.
- JUSTIN BIEBER returns to his favorite brothel in *Brazil* to teach the prostitutes lessons about life and self-respect in exchange for sex. Also starring a monkey that may or may not have a disease.
- DONALD TRUMP stars in a TV series where he looks for an employee to mentor. During a later season, he will run for President. The big hook is that even though he isn't qualified and might be insane, America goes for it. The final season is a post-apocalyptic scenario: After Trump starts a nuclear war with China, he roams the desert *Mad Max*-style, attempting to build a wall to protect him and his family from radioactive zombies.
- ROBERT DURST plays Robert Blake in a madefor-TV movie about the life of a man who made us fall in love with *Baretta*.
- PRINCE stars in a remake of *Smokey and the Bandit*. He plays the Paul Williams role. Drake would play the Pat McCormick part, and Jackie Gleason's part would be played with quiet intensity by Ben Carson.
- OSCAR PISTORIUS stars as himself, and the laughs are explosive, in this hilarious sequel to 127 Hours. The convicted shooter gets released from jail after 12 months—only to have a giant tree fall on his blades, forcing him to chew through his own thighs to escape to his comfortable mansion.
- WAYNE LAPIERRE stars as himself in *Shot* of *Laughter*: the story of what happens to the NRA executive after he accidentally shoots himself in the skull while cleaning his gun and has to convince everyone at his job that he doesn't have a major brain injury.



The Sensation

AMY SCHUMER



MARK SELIGER

→ WHAT'S AMY SCHUMER DOING in our twentieth-anniversary Men of the Year issue? She's not a man! you might be saying. The answer is: Sure, but we don't care. She crushed the cineplex (Trainwreck) and cable box (Inside Amy Schumer) this year. But we did tell her about the men in this issue. And she gave us a list of the fantasies she has had about them.

• TOM BRADY picks me up in a nice car. He says, "Get in," and I do, and we drive fast. We are listening to some dogshit on the radio that he likes. Even in my fantasy, I can't imagine he likes good music. I turn it down and say, "Hey, what happened where is your supermodel wife I thought we were all spending the day together?" and he pulls over and takes my hand and looks in my eyes and says: "I didn't invite her because I wanted to be alone with you. Yes, she is beautiful and the mother of my children, but you are smart and funny and I've been waiting to have sex with someone with a real body, a real ass, who has lots of bad angles depending on the lighting, and I want to be with you and not that supermodel who does yoga on the beach a lot." I sit silently for a few seconds.

Then I get out of the

car and apologize

for what I have just

done to the seat and I run down the highway screaming, "I knew it!"

• WILL SMITH and I are filming a movie. We step out of our trailers-and no one is around. I say, "Hey, Bill" (inside joke even though I have never met him). "Where is everyone?" He looks over my shoulder and says, "Oh no, they're here." I turn around slowly, like crazy-ass slowly. And I see them. Tons and tons of zombies. He grabs us a bunch of guns and lasers. We kill them all. We get all sweaty and we look really hot. And I say something cool like "They didn't even see it coming." Not that but something cool.

• BARACK OBAMA and I are at a restaurant in New Orleans. I am eating alone when the waiter says, "Barack sent you this." And it's a glass of Lagavulin 16 year. My favorite scotch. I acknowledge with a nod and finish my meal. Like I'm the coolest bitch ever.

We walk out without talking, and go to Preservation Hall and watch a bunch of different amazing jazz musicians. We smoke cigars and drink scotch and never say a word to each other.

• BRADLEY COOPER: Anal.

TRACY MORGAN

and I sit in a hibachi restaurant; he makes me laugh until I can't breathe.

• KEITH RICHARDS and I end up at a late-night party in Amsterdam where Prince, Cat Power, Wu-Tang Clan, and Ani DiFranco are all hanging out and playing music until dawn. We make out but just for a second.

• STEPH CURRY:

I ask him who he is. He tells me—I think it's basketball. He asks who I am. I tell him, Chelsea Handler. Then we spoon and watch *The Land Before Time*. Why that? How about it's none of your business what we do!!!





THIS INTERVIEW IS THE BEST. YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT.

A VERY CANDID Q+A WITH THE MAN WHO UNEXPECTEDLY SPENT MUCH OF 2015 AS THE REPUBLICAN FRONT-RUNNER FOR THE PRESIDENCY. YES, OF AMERICA

by CHRIS HEATH





OME ASPECTS OF the Donald Trump experience are almost—but not quite—immune to parody. Throughout a year in which he has had some strange and deep effect on American politics, he has done a number of interviews here at his desk on the twenty-sixth floor of Trump Tower, Central Park stretching out in the distance behind him. Many of these

encounters relay the same Trumpian idiosyncrasies—the way he always has impressive hot-off-the-press poll data to share, for instance, or the pleasure he takes in showing off the packed wall of Donald Trump magazine covers going back over 30 years ("cheaper than wallpaper," he told *60 Minutes*), or the hyperbolic descriptions of his lifetime achievements.

And no matter how many articles make note of these habits, or try to lampoon them, he's not giving them up. As I enter his office and take a seat at the opposite side of his desk—I don't offer a handshake, nor does he—he immediately hands me a sheet of paper. "Okay, that's for you," he says warmly. "Nice poll. Just came out." Between us, lined up along the front of his desk, are stacks of all of the recent magazines with his face on the cover—Rolling Stone, Time, People, Newsweek, New York, multiple copies of each, as though as an additional sideline he has opened the world's most narrowly focused newsstand.

As I settle in, his 27-year-old communications director, Hope Hicks, informs him that an article they have been expecting for a while about his time in military school has just been published.

"Good or bad?" he asks.

"Great," she says.

"'Good athlete,' all that stuff?" he checks.

"'Best athlete'...'ladies' man'...," she says.

"Really?" he says, clearly pleased.

"...'best student'...," she continues.

"Yeah, I was a great student," he says in a meditative tone. "I was good at everything."

"Yeah, that's what they said," she confirms.

He asks her to give a copy to me. (As it happens, I've already read it online this morning; Ms. Hicks's summary is accurate.) "That's nice, huh?" he muses, and tells her he needs to write to his old classmates. "I heard they have some really nice quotes, and I haven't seen them in a long time." He turns to me. "We get

I entered the room using a cane, and he now asks, quite kindly and gently, a few questions about my problematic ankle. I tell him that it's pretty much fine now, though not what it once was.

older, Chris, right? That's the bad part."

"Well, hey, what is?" he says. "Anyway, go ahead."

The conversation that follows—he makes clear at several points—isn't always to Trump's liking. At times I think his affront may be tactical, a way to better control the situation, but just as often he seems genuinely perplexed and annoyed that someone like him, a nice guy who is trying to give his best to the American people and who is riding high in every early poll, who is giving up his Monday lunchtime to share his considerable charm, should be asked to explain himself like

this. In these moments, I have to remind myself of the remarkable and extensive catalog of incendiary comments he has made, and positions he has taken, as he has blitzkrieged the ill-prepared and undefended barricades of the American political process.

But I start by discussing a small personal peculiarity.

GQ: You don't shake hands, do you?¹
DONALD TRUMP: Oh yeah, no, I do shake hands.
Well, I've been saying, and it's been borne out...if
you have a cold, you pass the cold along to other
people, or a flu. But no, I shake hands very gladly
politically. I don't think you could be a politician
if you didn't shake hands. Can you imagine if
I refused to shake anybody's hands? ["No," chimes
in Ms. Hicks, who will be remaining here for our
interview.] No—bottom line, I shake hands.

But if you go the whole way, you're going to have to touch a lot of dirty hands between now and next November.

I've been doing it. [Ms. Hicks: "He's been doing it. Thirty thousand people at a rally the other

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Are we gonna be the cover story, do you know? Or not? We should be, we should be. Based on merit, we should be.

But we'll see. Not sure I want it. You're going to ask a positive question before the interview's over, right?" week—he shook a lot of hands."] I've been shaking thousands and thousands of hands on a daily basis, actually.

Does it make you shiver a little bit inside? No, it's part of what I have to do to make America great again.

Are you having fun?

I'm having a good time. Because of the success of it, perhaps. It makes it a lot easier than some people that are not doing well. But I've *really* enjoyed it. I really have.

Many years ago you said, "The fun is in the getting, not the having," and I guess some people wonder whether that's your attitude toward the presidency.

No, actually in this case I don't think there's fun involved. It will be constant work to turn the country around because we have 50 million people on welfare, we have tremendous poverty levels at record numbers. We have almost a hundred million people out of work, out of the workforce.²

Putting it in the most basic way, there's a lot of people who really like you, but there's a lot of people who are deeply skeptical of your motives. Some people think it's a campaign driven by egotism, aimless ambition, and arrogance.

[slightly indignant half laugh] This doesn't sound like a nice question! Look, I just have one thing in mind, and that's doing a great job for the country. Everybody has their detractors. Some people say arrogance, or whatever they may say. I only have one thing in mind and that's doing a great job for the country.

Whenever you explain why you'd be a very fine president, a lot of what you say seems to boil down to: Look, just shut up and trust me—I'd be really good at this. I know I would.

Well, I have been issuing a lot of policy over the last two-week period. But there is a certain amount of truth to that. I mean, I've had tremendous success, and I've just done it. And a lot of my supporters agree with that.

You've broken many of the rules of how candidates usually act....

That's true. That, I agree with you. They say there's never been anything like this.

For instance, in recent times you've referred to other people as: a loser, a total loser, a massive loser, grotesque, a moron, an obvious moron, a spoiled brat, a totally incompetent jerk, a stiff, a dummy, a bimbo, a clown, a low-class slob, a perv sleazebag,

1. In his 1997 book, *The Art of the Comeback*, in a chapter incidentally titled "The Press and Other Germs," he spells out his philosophy on this issue most fully. "One of the curses of American society is the simple act of shaking hands," he begins. 2. Officially, there are actually 7.9 million unemployed people in America.

a major sleaze and buffoon, a spoiled brat without a properly functioning brain, a goofball atheist, a dope, a dummy dope, a dopey clown, a dog, and so on.

Well, other people have said a lot of things about things, too. They've said plenty of bad stuff.

But you've got a vocabulary and an approach that's different.

Probably. Probably that's why people are here, that's why I have this, you know. [He gestures to the stacks of magazines lying between us.] Every magazine cover. And maybe we'll have another. Are we gonna be



↑ Trump, shown here making a nuanced and reasoned point.

the cover story, do you know? Or not? We should be, we should be. Based on merit, we should be. But we'll see. Not sure I want it. You're going to ask a positive question before the interview's over, right?

Well, I think the positive comes from the answer. Anyway, will you still talk like that if you're president?

No. Probably not. $\,$

Why not?

Depends. It depends. I think probably I'd be much different. I have a great capacity to be what I have to be, and as president you may want a different tone. But that's a highly competitive tone, and many of those expressions—not all, but many of those expressions—are highly descriptive. It's hard to find words to compete with them when talking about somebody. But no, I would imagine I would be quite a bit different. I would feel differently about things as a president. Right now, I'm fighting a lot of people. As a president I would be more measured.

But part of your appeal, and part of what you're selling as your appeal, is that you're different. And if people are going to vote for you, surely they want the real Donald Trump to be the president? Yeah, I would be. I wouldn't change much, but I think I would probably tone down the rhetoric, perhaps. And perhaps not. Depends on who it was that I was speaking about. We have some bad dudes out there.

If anyone attacks you, you bite back pretty hard, don't you?

Yes. Yes.

If you were the same kind of president as you are a candidate, it sometimes feels like the first time some country disrespected you, you'd just want to nuke them.

No, no, no. But some of these countries are really taking advantage of us and I would fight for fairness of our country.

But would you be scared to nuke them if you thought it was justified?

I wouldn't be nuking anybody.

Under any circumstances?

Under... I will have a military that's so strong and powerful, and so respected, we're not gonna have to nuke anybody.

So could we get rid of the weapons?

No, no, we wouldn't get rid of the weapons. Because you have so many people out

there. But I would be somebody that would be amazingly calm under pressure.

But if you're not going to use them, what's the point in having them?

The fact that other people have them. And unfortunately gaining more and more.

But ultimately you have to be prepared to press the button or there's no point in having them?

Well, I don't want to talk about that subject because that's not a subject that, you know... [restarts his thought] that has to do with that whole... [restarts his thought again] I just don't want to talk about it. It is highly, highly, highly unlikely that I would ever be using them.

As you know, people ask a lot of questions about your attitude toward women. When you were asked on *The View* what your message was to women and you said you wanted to cherish them, protect them, take care of them—

And respect them, yes. I do respect them, I have great respect for women. In fact, one of the reasons *The Apprentice* was such a successful show for so many years, the audience of women was fantastic.

Sure, but that's an entertainment TV show.

No, but it's indicative. I have great respect for women, and I will do more for women than anybody because I get things done and I know how to do things. And I'll also keep this country safe and secure, which a politician probably won't, because they're weak and ineffective. They're weak, ineffective people, politicians.

What do you say to the women who respond: I'm not that bothered about being "cherished" or "protected" or "taken care of," I just want to be treated equally?

I think you're being politically correct when you ask me a question like that. They do want to be taken care of and they do want to be cherished and they do want to be respected, and I think when you ask a question like that you're just trying to be politically correct, that's all. But that's okay.

You'd never say you were going to "cherish" men, would you?

I would. I would cherish men. I cherish all people in their lives. I think it's very important. No, I would cherish men, I would cherish women—I want to take care of everybody.

Obviously another issue that some people have taken— $\,$

[interrupts] Did anybody ever say anything positive about me? This is not looking... This is not looking good. So far I haven't been asked one positive question. But that's okay. Whatever. Whatever. [exhales loudly through pursed lips]

People expect you to be asked tough questions, and you're certainly up to answering them.

Sure I am, but, I mean, you know, so far, in all fairness, you've only asked me, like, really negative questions. Wow. I'm saying, this article's going to be a disaster. [Ms. Hicks: "I think we deserve the cover just for tolerating these questions."] It's all right. Whatever.

A similar issue that people are giving you a hard time about is race.

I don't think so. Race? Nobody's giving me a hard time. I just won... I just had the highest percentage ever in a Republican primary—25 percent of the African-Americans supported me. ³ So I don't think you're right.

But certainly a lot of people have written, and some people suspect, that even if you're not racist yourself, you're consciously pandering to racist sentiments in parts of the electorate.

[Ms. Hicks to Trump: "Shall we wrap this up?"] I've never heard that. Yeah, well, I've never heard that. No, I mean I am the least racist person that you have ever met. (continued on page 251)

^{3.} He is presumably referring to an opinion poll of voting intentions. Not a single vote has yet been cast, for Donald Trump or any other candidate, in this year's Republican primaries.





oThe Unde {eated



LARRY DAVID -**JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS**



• LARRY DAVID and Julia Louis-Drevfus

"It's a horrible thing!"

"It's horrible. It's like a fuckin'-"

"It's a giant kine-ahora."

"It's like a target on your back.... Don't do

They've just been informed-at 10:30 A.M., over breakfast at a café in Pacific Palisades where they are dressed so casually they have to be rich—that in recognition of their stupefyingly successful careers (spanning five presidents and counting), GQ has decided to label them "The Undefeated."

"Honestly, if I knew that, I probably wouldn't have done this," says the two-time Emmy winner and creator of two of the most critically acclaimed comedy series of all time (David).

"You realize what undefeated means," says the woman who won three Emmys for three different shows (Louis-Dreyfus). "Defeat is in the future."

The Undefeated have not been this dismayed since 35 minutes ago, when they learned what passes for "a side of toast" here: a single half-moon of bread, the kind of stylized toast that might appear in a Cubist portrait inside a wealthy piece of toast's home. David flagged down a waiter: "We'd like a big bowl of these."

They met while working on Saturday Night Live in 1984. He wrote; she performed. "I just remember liking Larry because he was so unhappy," she says.

And in the decades since Seinfeld re-imagined "nothing," they've helped invert television comedy's natural order. It's expected, in sitcoms, that the lead character be less captivating than the weirdos around her. But on Curb Your Enthusiasm and on Veep, no person is more fun to watch-more of a weirdo-than Larry or Selina. They have placed the awkward moment at the center of the show and then thrown themselves on top of it, as if it were a grenade.

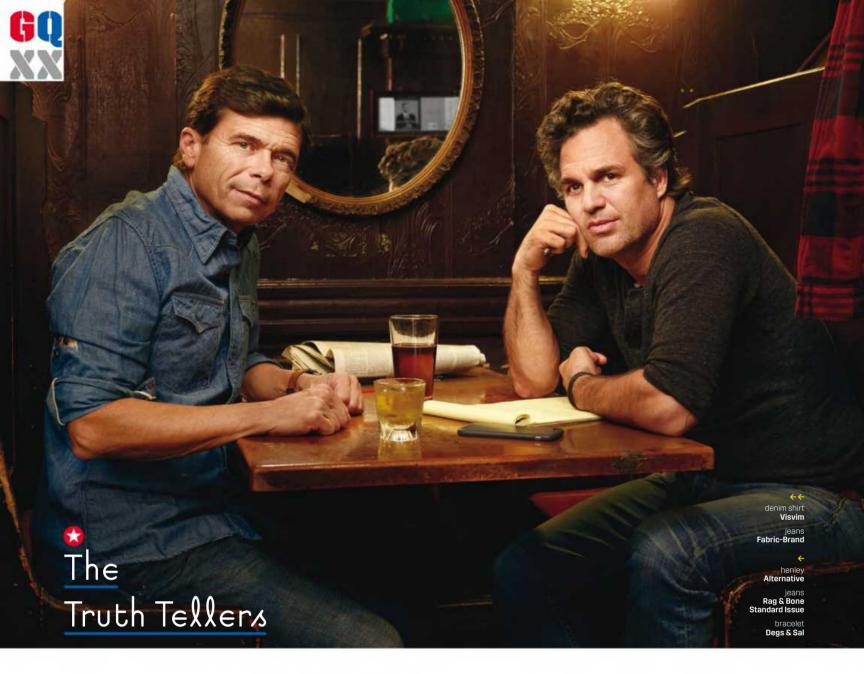
Before heading out, I ask what they hope to be doing in 20 years. David, who is 68, is sardonic: "I'd like to be alive. I'll probably still be writing." Louis-Dreyfus agrees: "More of the same."

And if they need a change? Maybe a superhero movie? The next Avengers?

"I'd do that," says Louis-Dreyfus, pretending to spray gunfire over everyone in the restaurant. "Ptchew! Ptchew! Whatever it is they do."

David shakes his head. Nope.

"Yes, Larry!" she says. "Come on, I'm doin' it!" "Okay, fine." He sighs. "I'll do it."-caity weaver



MIKE REZENDES + MARK RUFFALO

• REMEMBER CARDINAL BERNARD LAW, the grandfatherly monster who covered up the rape of children while capo of the archdiocese of Boston? He's 84 and retired now but reputedly lives rent-free in a Roman palace. "He should be in *jail*," says Mark Ruffalo. The actor, who got an Oscar nomination last year, just might score another for his full-body inhabitation—clipped speech, oddly clipped bangs, and controlled ferocity—of the reporter Michael Rezendes in *Spotlight*, the story of *The Boston Globe*'s investigation of the clergy scandal back in 2002. The *Globe*'s work helped expose

abuse in more than 200 cities, but the Vatican still hasn't fully reckoned with the truth. "Pope Francis has taken a couple of steps," says Rezendes, seated with Ruffalo in a Manhattan bar. "He's set up a commission to study the issue, and he's set up a tribunal that's supposed to hold bishops accountable for covering up future sex abuse. What he has to do is make sure these gestures are more than window dressing. They have to actually *do* things." Here's something the Pope could do: Go see *Spotlight*. And then tell every priest in his flock—publicly—to go see it, too.—BRENDAN VAUGHAN

· A YEAR AGO,

Michael Keaton took wing above Manhattan, soaring over the city in Birdman, riding the thermals of his out-of-this-world performance to help deliver a best-picture Oscar for that film. Now Keaton-a man whose Beetlejuice-and-Batman glory days seemed long behind him-has returned with another prestige role, in Spotlight.

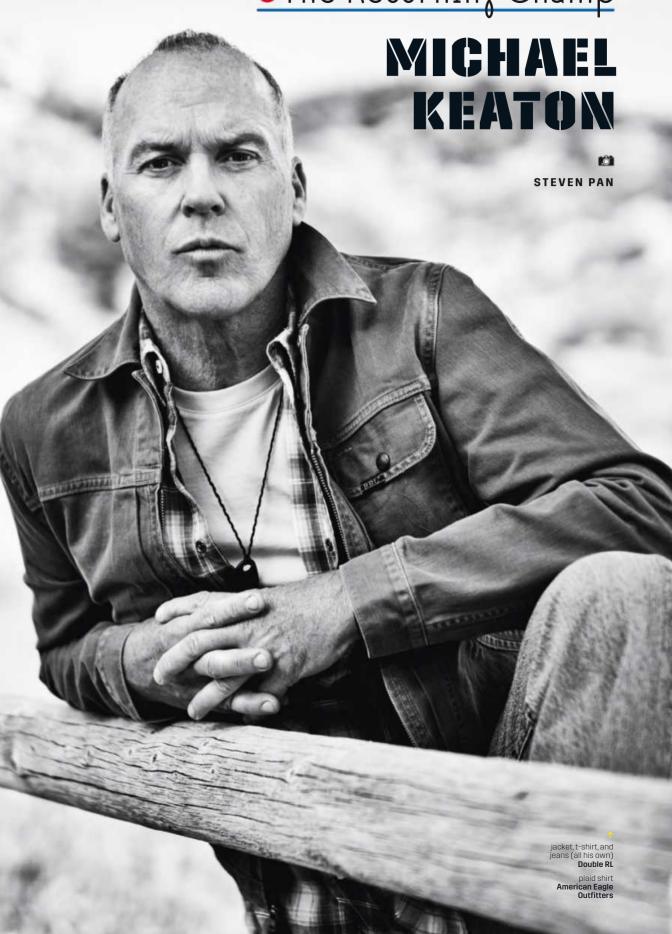
"I've been doing the same thing all along," he insists. "It's not that I wasn't working. It's that as you get older, you gain experience and you learn to wait for the right project. It's like being an experienced hitter. You learn to foul off pitches-'not right for me...not right for me...'--and you stay in the box, patient, until they throw you the pitch you want. The pitch you know you can crush."

We're sitting in a restaurant in Livingston, Montana, about an hour from the ranch Keaton owns out here, nestled in the gorgeous country between the Crazy Mountains and the Yellowstone River. It's hard to imagine a more peaceful place to unwind and stay focused on hitting those pitches, like the film he just wrapped: The Founder, in which he plays burger baron and McDonald's founder Ray Kroc. "This guy's life is an insane story.

If you've soared as high as Michael Keaton has over the past few decades—and especially the past couple of years—why bother telling any other kind?

—MICHAEL HAINEY

○The Returning Champ





The Closer

BARACK OBAMA

» THE LEADER
OF THE FREE
WORLD SITS DOWN
WITH THE FREE
AGENT OF THE
YEAR—HBO'S BILL
SIMMONS—TO
DISCUSS THE
OBAMA ERA AND
BEYOND. THE
EXCLUSIVE WHITE
HOUSE INTERVIEW



there's the person who happens to be the President of the United States. Bill Clinton served for eight years, but we were always more intrigued by Bill Clinton the Person—a magnetic charmer once described by Chris Rock as "a cool guy, like the president of a record company." Clinton's charisma defined his presidency, for better and for worse. He couldn't always harness it. He couldn't stop trying

better and for worse. He couldn't always harness it. He couldn't stop trying to win everyone over, whether it was a *60 Minutes* correspondent, *500* powerful donors in a crowded banquet hall, or a fetching woman on a rope line.

If Clinton acted like someone who ran Capitol Records, Obama—both the person and the president—carries himself like Roger Federer, a merciless competitor who keeps coming and coming, only there's a serenity about him that disarms just about everyone. At one point during the hour I spent interviewing him at the White House this fall, he casually compared himself to Aaron Rodgers, and he wasn't bragging. Obama identified with Rodgers's ability to keep his focus downfield despite all the chaos happening in front of him. That's Obama's enduring quality, and (to borrow another sports term) this has been his "career year."

Obama lives in America's most famous museum and uses it to his advantage. You're sitting there in some ancient tearoom waiting for him to show up, surrounded by portraits of former first ladies and framed maps from battles that America won over the centuries. Everyone is friendly but suspicious. Everyone talks in hushed tones. You feel like you're intruding at all times. You're just...waiting. Suddenly, ten anonymous security guards pop out of hallways and doorways that you didn't know were there. The energy shifts. And then, there's Obamabig smile, big handshake, some ball-busting comments to put everyone at ease. Within seconds of greeting me, he was poking fun at my shoes and teasing me for not writing anymore.

"It's really aggravating not having you on Grantland," he said, almost like I betrayed him. "I go to the site and there's no Simmons. Come on, man, it's not the same."

It's an alpha-male trick—put someone off-balance, flatter them and bust their chops at the same time. A few minutes later, he was grabbing control of the interview with measured responses, knowing that he didn't have to perform without cameras or podcast equipment. And so he took his time. And it worked. I mean, how do you interrupt the most powerful man on earth? It felt like the way Federer repeatedly jumped Novak Djokovic's second serve in the 2015 U.S. Open Final—a savvy trick to disrupt someone's flow, a seemingly harmless way to gain an edge. It's what the great competitors do.

In January, Obama will begin his eighth and final year on the job. It's an *era* now. What has he learned about leadership? What was his biggest regret? Why did it seem like, in 2015, he finally started letting it fly, threw on his Beefsquatch costume and let everyone know "THIS IS ME

NOW!" Gay marriage, health care, Charleston, the Iran deal... If you voted against him, 2015 was the year when his inner confidence bothered you more than ever. And if you voted for him, 2015 was definitely the year when you said, "That is the guy I voted for." But what if Barack Obama has been that guy all along?

BILL SIMMONS: If you could go back to 2008 and tell yourself one thing, what would it be?

BARACK OBAMA: "You're going to be busy."
Coming in, we were going through an unprecedented economic upheaval, combined with an upheaval in the Middle East that we hadn't seen in our lifetimes. There was going to be a huge amount of disruption. I would probably tell myself to communicate more effectively early on than I did. We ran a great campaign. It wasn't as great as it seems in retrospect—there's always rose-colored glasses—but there's no doubt that we captured the country's imagination. And somehow in those first two years, I think a certain arrogance crept in, in the sense of thinking as long as we get the policy ready, we didn't have to sell it.

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The fact that race has always been the fault line of our society and has always distorted our politics—that is not subject to argument. Part of what you're looking for is a way not to just vent but to actually move the people."

One thing I learned through some tough election cycles: You can't separate good policy from the need to bring the American people along and make sure that they know why you're doing what you're doing. And that's particularly true now in this new communications era. I think that we were ahead of the curve in 2008 in social media and the Internet and digital communications. When we came into office, instead of taking some of those lessons, we suddenly adapted ourselves to the White House press room and structures that had been built back in the 1940s and '50s. As a consequence of those missteps early, we got the policies right, and that's why the economy now has grown for five and a half straight years, six years, and why unemployment rates have gone from 10 percent to 5.1 percent. But there was a lot of political pain along the way that might not have been necessary.

Was there a point in those first three years where you started to feel overwhelmed by the job? Where you were just like, "My God, I just had no idea this was going to be this hard!"

I had a pretty good handle. One thing I learned during the campaign was that I've got a good temperament. I don't get too high and I don't get too low. I'm able to stay focused even when there's a lot of stuff going on around me.

So you're like Gregg Popovich. Although he does get mad at sideline reporters.

[laughs] He does. So do I. [laughs] Yeah. Or maybe [Aaron] Rodgers in the pocket, in the sense of you can't be distracted by what's around you, you've got to be looking downfield. And I think that's a quality that I have—not getting flustered in what's around me. So there was never a point, even early on—even in the first six months, where we weren't sure whether we were going to dip into another Great Depression, we weren't sure whether the steps we were taking on rescuing the auto industry or stabilizing the financial system were going to work—there weren't moments where I thought, "Sheesh, feels like we're in over our head."

But what I didn't fully appreciate, and nobody can appreciate until they're in the position, is how decentralized power is in this system. When you're in the seat and you're seeing the housing market collapse and you are seeing unemployment skyrocketing and you have a sense of what the right thing to do is, then you realize, "Okay, not only do I have to persuade my own party, not only do I have to prevent the other party from blocking what the right thing to do is, but now I can anticipate this lawsuit, this lobbying taking place, and this federal agency that technically is independent, so I can't tell them what to do. I've got the Federal Reserve, and I'm hoping that they do the right thing-and by the way, since the economy now is global, I've got to make sure that the Europeans, the Asians, the



Chinese, everybody is on board." A lot of the work is not just identifying the right policy but now constantly building these ever shifting coalitions to be able to actually implement and execute and get it done.

You're out to dinner with your wife and the phone rings. How many of the people in your life are you like, "Uh-oh, I've got to take this"?

Malia and Sasha. [laughs] And maybe my mother-in-law. My national security adviser, Susan Rice, and Denis McDonough, my chief of staff. Those are the only people whose call I would take during a date night with Michelle. But the entire White House is full of people who have enormous responsibilities. You can't do this by yourself. The principle of team building in the White House is really no different than the principle of team building anywhere, on a sports team or a well-run business. Do they put team ahead of themselves? Do you make sure all the pieces fit together? Because just having the best athletes, if they're knocking heads and nobody's doing rebounding and everybody wants the ball, it isn't always going to work.

Is it fair to say that in 2015, you've been like the second-semester high school senior who got into Yale and now is like, "I'm going out tonight—I don't care if I have a test tomorrow"? All of us were kind of waiting for that guy to show up after he got re-elected. What took two years to get there?

There's no doubt that the longer I'm in this job, the more confident I am about the decisions I'm making and more knowledgeable about the responses I can expect. And as a consequence, you end up being looser. There's not much I have not seen at this point, and I know what to expect, and I can anticipate more than I did before.

I [also] have a case to make now that was harder to make earlier in my presidency. We had confidence, for example, that the economic decisions that we made to stabilize the financial system and pass Wall Street reform and raise taxes on the wealthiest and pass health care—that would have a payoff. But because we had been in such a deep hole, we had to be careful about crowing success when people weren't feeling it. And it wasn't really until around 2014 where the attitude of the American people was, "The economy's improving, I'm feeling better."

So you feed off that.

You can make your case without caveats, which, I think, hampered my ability to communicate confidence and optimism to people. You didn't want people to feel as if you were getting ahead of yourself. It's a combination of me feeling looser because I've just been in this job a long time and have gone through some tough stretches. Not only do you not look like you have any fear, but you actually *don't* have any fear. And I don't at this point. The bets we made early on have paid off. Some of it does have to do with luck.

Think about 2013, right after I'd been re-elected: Our goal was to lead with a big push on immigration reform. And then, before the second inauguration has even happened, [the school shooting at] Sandy Hook happens. Which remains, by the way, the worst few days of my presidency. I went up and visited with those families and—you know, Bill, you've still got small kids. These are 6-year-olds, right? And you have 20 of them who've been massacred. Right away, our focus had to shift to "Is there a way for us to capture this moment to see if we can get over this incredible hump to try to put in place some commonsense gunsafety rules?" And we knew it was a stretch, just because of the politics of Congress and the NRA. But we had to try.

And throughout 2013 and 2014, you had a series of events like that—the Snowden disclosures, Ebola, Ferguson, ISIL, and unaccompanied children coming across the borders—all sort of stacked up in a row. None of them individually unsolvable, but given the 24/7 news cycle, they just sort of pile up on each other. Even though, in the midst of this, the economy is improving and we are making real progress on education and health care and energy and so forth, political momentum turns sharply against you. And so we've had more than our share of stormy seas, but we've navigated the ship well.

When Ferguson happened last year, I was waiting for Obama the Person to come in. But you had to be President Obama. How you handled Charleston this year and Selma—that was Obama the Person. So what happened with Ferguson? Do you wish you had handled that differently?

You know, the challenge of Ferguson and all issues related to police shootings, race, and the criminal-justice system is that in order to actually get something done, you have to build consensus. Expressing simple outrage without follow-up is often counterproductive. In the case of Ferguson, I'm the attorney general's boss. If I chime in with a strong opinion about what's happened, not only do I stand to potentially damage subsequent law-enforcement cases, but immediately you get blowback and backlash that may make people less open to listening. What was different in Charleston was the clarity of what happened-that allowed, I think, everybody to be open to it. (continued on next page)

BARACK OBAMA



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 247

Did it take time during the presidency to realize what kind of moments those were?

Yes, sometimes it's feel. Sometimes the circumstances won't give you a clean statement. The fact that race has always been the fault line of our society and has always distorted our politics-that is not subject to argument. Part of what you're looking for is a way not to just vent but to actually move the people. I practiced law for a while—a lot of times, hard cases can make bad law. If you have an issue that you want to put forward, you're looking for the right plaintiff and the right court to appear before. I do think as you go on as president, you get a better feel for this, but you're not always going to be perfect. When the Trayvon Martin case happened, I had an honest response as a father that I think resonated with a lot of people. When Ferguson happened, there was a gap between how quickly we could pull together a police task force, recommendations. And so in that lag, it feels as if I haven't spoken to the moment as effectively. I suspect that if I were to do it over again, there might be something I could say that would've crystallized it more effectively. But Ferguson—the case itself was tougher because people didn't know what was going on exactly. In some ways the [Eric] Garner case in New York was clearer because you had on videotape exactly what had happened, and some of the subsequent cases have been more obvious.

One thing you learn as president is you're not always going to perform flawlessly and you have to be able to put that out of your mind and then look at the next problem coming down the pipe. If I'm working out in the gym, sometimes I'll go to NBA Classics and watch some of these old classic games—

The lack of HD really hurts—you can barely see anybody.

It's true-and the graphics at the bottom are terrible. But a thing that you're reminded of, watching those old Bulls games, is Jordan had some stinker games in the playoffs. But he would get that out of his mind, and then the next moment comes and he's right there. He could have a terrible game for the first three quarters and then suddenly go crazy the fourth. Or he might miss a free throw, and then the next play is he's stealing the ball and hitting the game-winning shot. Part of what I try to do-not at the level that Jordan did on the basketball court. but part of what you aspire to as president or any of these positions of leadership—is to try to figure out how to be in the moment, make the best decision you can, know that you're going to get a bunch of them right, but a bunch of times vou're also not going to get it exactly the way you want it.

You win the election in 2008, and Twitter is just becoming a thing. Over the course of your presidency, that's the biggest thing that's changed. What's the biggest challenge with all that stuff?

Speed. You are on 24/7—you have to respond immediately. The job of our office, to keep up and to respond quickly to anything that's happening but not be consumed by it, is completely different. We've been building a digital team inside the White House.

When did that start?

Too late. That's an example of something that I would've started earlier. That was a lesson that coming out of the first term, I should've understood. That's why we built this team. It's so interesting watching my daughters. Both are complete ninjas on the phone, right? And they can do things that I don't even understand—they're doing it in two seconds. But I even see a difference between Malia, who's 17, and Sasha, who's 14. There's almost a mini-generational gap in terms of Sasha being so connected seamlessly to this smartphone in a way that Malia, who was already a little bit older when it really started to take, is not.

The ability to multitask with 19 different friends at the same time...

Yeah. And just the degree to which her social life is so connected to that. So it's not just having to change how we do business inside the White House to react to stories, but also, how do we tell a story about issues to constituencies that are completely splintered, who don't watch television in the same way, who don't watch the news in the same way? In some ways we're just laying the foundation for what I assume will be the standard practice of future presidents.

Gun control: You've tried to legislate it as much as you possibly could and hit a wall basically in every direction. But the one thing Hillary Clinton has brought up is executive action.

Well, keep in mind that after Sandy Hook, we put forward 23 executive actions. So we haven't been asleep at the switch in terms of executive actions that we've tried. There are maybe a few more that had to be scrubbed by lawyers because, essentially, with every executive action, we can count on it being challenged by somebody in Congress or, in this case, the NRA. We want to make any executive action we take as defensible as possible legally. In the absence of a movement politically in which people say, "Enough is enough," we're going to continue to see, unfortunately, these tragedies take place. The main thing that I've been trying to communicate over the last several of these horrific episodes is that, contrary to popular belief, Americans are not more violent than people in other developed countries. But they have more deadly weapons to act out their rage, and that's the only main variable that you see between the U.S. and these other countries.

It does feel like it's going to become the dominant issue of year eight.

I hope so. We have this weird habit in this culture of mourning and, you know, 48, 72 hours of wall-to-wall coverage, and then...suddenly we move on. And I will do everything I can to make sure that there's a sustained attention paid to this thing.

What's the most entertaining conspiracy theory you ever read about yourself?

That military exercises we were doing in Texas were designed to begin martial law so that I could usurp the Constitution and stay in power longer. Anybody who thinks I could get away with telling Michelle I'm going to be president any longer than eight years does not know my wife.

Have you ever said, "Give me the JFK-assassination files, I want to read them. Give me all the secret stuff"?

I gotta tell you, it's a little disappointing. People always ask me about Roswell and the aliens and UFOs, and it turns out the stuff going on that's top secret isn't nearly as exciting as you expect. In this day and age, it's not as top secret as you'd think.

Would you ever want to be a Supreme Court justice?

[pauses]

You paused!

No—well, the reason I paused for a second was just to make sure that I let people know that I think good judges are really important, and Supreme Court justices, obviously, are hugely important. I don't have the temperament to sit in relative solitude and just opine and write from the bench. I want to be in the action a little bit more.

Is it true you have a virtual driving range in the White House?

True.

It's in the bowels of the White House?

Yeah, I mean, this is not like some super-fancy thing. But I can hit these Wiffle balls.

So you go down there and hit, like as a stress reliever?

Yeah. Just whack 'em. Whack 'em around a little bit.

Has anyone come to the White House and picked up your older daughter for a date?

No, but I've seen some folks glancing at her in ways that made me not happy.

Tell the Secret Service, "Just take out that guy over there"?

"Just keep an eye on him."

Does it scare you that your wife could have a billion-dollar daytime talk show and you could be Stedman 2.0?

[laughs] Uh...

Because that's in play. She could do that if she wanted

And if that's what she wants to do, I'm okay with her making a whole lot of money. There's nothing wrong with that.

Would you ever want to be part of the ownership for an NBA team?

Absolutely.

Would it have to be the Bulls, or would it have to be somebody else?

Well, you know, I know [Jerry] Reinsdorf pretty good—he's not giving that thing up anytime soon. But I have fantasized about being able to put together a team and how much fun that would be. I think it'd be terrific.

"Probably the guiltiest pleasure—and this is kind of lame—is Big Break. You know, on the Golf Channel? Which is kind of a silly show. [laughs]
But I find it really relaxing."

BARACK OBAMA CONTINUED

How many times have you said to your kids, "Stop Googling me"?

I don't have to tell them that. They have no interest in me. I mean, they're hopefully interested in me as a father. Not as a public figure.

What's your guiltiest-pleasure TV show? Don't say *Game of Thrones*, because that's a good show.

Probably the guiltiest pleasure—and this is kind of lame—is *Big Break*. You know, on the Golf Channel? Which is kind of a silly show. *[laughs]* But I find it really relaxing.

So you watch it on the treadmill or something?

Yeah, when I'm working out sometimes late at night. I never see all the episodes, but if they've got some chipping contest or something... [laughs] It's pretty lame. I do love *Game of Thrones*.

Which character do you identify with?

My favorite character is probably...the dwarf, what's his name?

Oh, yeah. Peter Dinklage's character.

The problem with *Game of Thrones*, though, is that I don't remember the names of any of the characters.

I don't, either,

I remember the characters, so when I watch it, I know exactly what's going on. But if you read a review of the show afterwards and they're mentioning such and such, the only one I remember is Jon Snow, because I can pronounce Jon Snow.

Which *Game of Thrones* character is Donald Trump?

Uh...I don't think...I don't think any of them rise to that level.

If you were campaigning against Trump, would you even bother? Would it be like LaBradford Smith talking trash to Jordan or something?

I would've enjoyed campaigning against Trump. That would've been fun.

Which leadership style suits your vision of where America should go forward? Biden or Hillary? [laughs] Come on, Bill.

I had to ask you one thing you can't answer! Here's one you have to answer: Who's more untradable, Derrick Rose or Jay Cutler?

[pause] Oh, I think Rose still has more upside. Remember, Rose is still awfully young.

So you haven't given up on Rose?

I've not given up on him. Sadly, I think it's hard to imagine, after that many injuries, him getting back to his MVP-season performance. But he can still be a top-ten point guard.

Baseball, football, basketball, all the commissioner jobs open up next year. Which one would you want? Well, I'm best suited for basketball. But I cannot believe that the commissioner of football gets paid \$44 million a year.

When you said, "I cannot believe...," I didn't know where you were going with that. Have you thought about calling Roger Goodell and being like, "What are you doing? Can I help you?" [Obama laughs.] "Can I give you some advice? Want to have dinner?"

They're making a profit, and I think that's what the owners are most concerned with.

So you think the owners like having him there?

You're not going to drag me into your fights, man. Come on—I've got enough fights of my own. [laughs] This is between you and Roger.

Number of cigarettes you've smoked in the White House since you got here?

Zero in the last five years. I made a promise that once health care passed, I would never have a cigarette again. And I have not.

What perk of being president are you going to miss the most?

So the clear answer would be Air Force One: an amazing plane with an amazing crew, they clear out airspace so you don't have to wait. And you land anytime, you leave anytime. But it may be Marine One, because even post-presidency, I may be able to round up a private plane sometime, but it's tough not to have your helicopter waiting for you. [laughs]

The last time I talked to you, you had one teenage daughter.

Now I have two.

I'm two years away. Is it better, worse, or the same than what you expected when everybody told you, "Oh, just wait—just wait till they're teenagers"?

My daughters are amazing girls. They're smart, they're funny. They take after their mom, and Michelle's done a great job with them. You get these teenage moments—they love you, but what I think really affects you most is they just don't have time for you. It's not an active disdain for you. It's just their calendars start filling up and they've got all these friends who are much more interesting.

Yeah, you're not the coolest person in their lives anymore.

And you just have to let go, you have to acknowledge that if you say to them, "Hey, you want to go watch this movie?" or "Hey, you want to go take a swim at the pool?" "No, sorry, Daddy. I love you, though. See you tomorrow, 'cause I'm spending the night at somebody's house." The golden age is between, say, 6, 7, and 12, and they're your buddies and they just want to hang out. And after that, they will love you, but they don't have that much time for you. And my understanding is, based on friends of mine who have older kids, is that with a little bit of luck, as long as you're not so completely annoying during these teenage years, they'll come back to you around 23, 24, and actually want to hang out with you. But that stretch is painful. The compensation you get for the fact that they don't have time for you is: Nothing beats watching your children become smarter and cooler than you are. And you suddenly will hear them say something or make a joke or have an insight and you go, "Wow. I didn't think of that."

Are they ready for you to be the ex-president? Not as much as Michelle, but certainly ready.

second place. I rank ahead of the dogs.

Oh, Michelle's the leader of the power rankings? Oh, absolutely. There are clear rankings. Michelle. Malia and Sasha, they're constantly wrestling for

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TOM BRADY



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

never brags and he's never self-deprecating. He never offers any information that isn't directly tied to the question that was posed. Everything receives a concise, non-controversial answer (including the aforementioned passage about his lack of political ambition). Realizing time is evaporating, I awkwardly move into the Deflategate material, citing the findings of the official report published by the NFL's investigating attorney, Ted Wells.

The remainder of the interview lasts seven minutes.

There's one element of the Wells Report that I find fascinating: The report concludes that you had a "general awareness" of the footballs being deflated. The report doesn't say you were aware. It says you were generally aware. So I'm curious—would you say that categorization is accurate? I guess it depends on how you define the word generally. But was that categorization true or false?

[pause] I don't really wanna talk about stuff like this. There are several reasons why. One is that it's still ongoing. So I really don't have much to say, because it's—there's still an appeal going on.

Oh, I realize that. But here's the thing: If we don't talk about this, the fact that you refused to talk about it will end up as the center of the story. I mean, how can you not respond to this question? It's a pretty straightforward question. I've had those questions for eight months and I've answered them, you know, multiple times for many different people, so—

I don't think you have, really. When I ask, "Were you generally aware that this was happening," what is the answer?

I'm not talking about that, because there's still ongoing litigation. It has nothing to do with the personal question that you're trying to ask, or the answer you're trying to get. I'm not talking about anything as it relates to what's happened over the last eight months. I've dealt with those questions for eight months. It's something that—obviously I wish that we were talking about something different. But like I said, it's still going on right now. And there's nothing more that I really want to add to the subject. It's been debated and talked about, especially in Boston, for a long time.

Do you feel what has happened over these eight months has changed the way the Patriots are perceived?

I don't really care how the Patriots are perceived, truthfully. I really don't. I really don't. Look, if you're a fan of our team, you root for us, you believe in our team, and you believe in what we're trying to accomplish. If you're not a fan of us, you have a different opinion.

But what you're suggesting is that the reality of this is subjective. It's not. Either you were "generally aware" of this or you weren't.

I understand what you're trying to get at. I think that my point is: I'm not adding any more to this debate. I've already said a lot about this—

Tom, you haven't. I wouldn't be asking these questions if you had. There's still a lack of clarity on this.

Chuck, go read the transcript from a five-hour appeal hearing. It's still ongoing.

I realize it's still ongoing. But what is your concern? That by answering this question it will somehow—

I've already answered all those questions. I don't want to keep revisiting what's happened over the last eight months. Whether it's you, whether it's my parents, whether it's anybody else. If that's what you want to talk about, then it's going to be a very short interview.

So you're just not going to comment on any of this? About the idea of the balls being underinflated or any of the other accusations made against the Patriots regarding those first three Super Bowl victories? You have no comments on any of that?

Right now, in my current state in mid-October, dealing with the 2015 football season—I don't have any interest in talking about those events as they relate to any type of distraction that they may bring to my team in 2015. I do not want to be a distraction to my football team. We're in the middle of our season. I'm trying to do this as an interview that was asked of me, so... If you want to revisit everything and be another big distraction for our team, that's not what I'm intending to do.

But if I ask you whether or not you were generally aware of something and you refuse to respond, any rational person is going to think you're hiding something.

Chuck, I've answered those questions for many months. There is no— $\,$

Were you not informed by any of the people around you that these questions were going to be asked?

[sort of incredulously] No. I was-

No?

This is ongoing litigation.

Okay, well I appreciate you taking—I appreciate it.

—the time to talk to me. Sorry, man. Okay.

So what did Brady say during his June 23 appeal testimony, in response to a question about whether he authorized the deflation of the footballs? "Absolutely not." When asked if he knew the footballs were being deflated (even if he never specifically requested that this happen), he said, "No." This was the answer I obviously assumed he would give when I posed the same question to him in this interview. I did not think he would contradict any statement he gave under oath. But I still needed to establish that (seemingly predictable) denial as a baseline, in order to ask the questions I was much more interested in Specifically...

- At what point did you become aware that people were accusing you of cheating?
- Do you (or did you) have any non-professional relationship with Jim McNally and John Jastremski, the Patriots employees at the crux of this controversy?
- Do you now concede some of the balls might have been below the legal limit, even if you had no idea this was happening? Or was the whole thing a total fiction?
- Do you believe negligibly deflated footballs would provide a meaningful competitive advantage, to you or to anyone else on the offense?
- How do you explain the Patriots' fumble rate, which some claim is unrealistically low? Is that simply a bizarre coincidence?
- If you had no general awareness of any of this, do you feel like Bill Belichick pushed you under the bus during his January press conference? Were you hurt by this? Did it impact your relationship with him?

These questions shall remain unasked, simply because Brady refused to repeat a one-word response he claims to have given many times before. Now, I'm not a cop or a lawyer or a judge. I don't have any classified information that can't be found on the Internet. My opinion on this event has as much concrete value as my opinion on Brady's quarterbacking, which is exactly zero. But I strongly suspect the real reason Brady did not want to answer a question about his "general awareness" of Deflategate is pretty uncomplicated: He doesn't want to keep saving something that isn't true, nor does he want to directly contradict what he said in the past. I realize that seems like a negative thing to conclude about someone I don't know. It seems like I'm suggesting that he both cheated and lied, and technically I am.

But I'm on his side here, kind of. Yes, what Brady allegedly did would be unethical. It's also what the world wants him to do. And that may seem paradoxical, because—in the heat of the moment, when faced with the specifics of a crime—consumers are programmed to express outrage and disbelief and self-righteous indignation. But Brady is doing the very thing that prompts athletes to be lionized; the only problem is the immediacy of the context. And that context will evolve, in the same direction it always does. Someday this media disaster will seem quaint.

THE OAKLAND RAIDERS of the 1970s broke every rule they could, on and off the field, sometimes for no reason. They were successful and corrupt, and fans living outside the Bay Area hated what they represented. But nobody hates the '70s Raiders now. In fact, we long for those teams, nostalgic for the era when their sublime villainy could thrive. It's widely assumed Red Auerbach bugged the opponents' locker room when he coached the Celtics, an illicit subterfuge retrospectively re-imagined as clever and industrious. When former Tar Heels basketball player Buzz Peterson talks about the greatness of his college roommate Michael Jordan, he sometimes recounts a story of the evening Jordan tried to cheat Peterson's mother in a card game, an anecdote employed to reinforce how MJ was so supernaturally competitive that even middle-aged women got sliced. The defining memory of Kansas City Royals legend George Brett involves the illegal use of pine tar on his bat, an unambiguous infraction that was ultimately reversed on appeal, just like Brady's suspension.

"I'm the pine-tar guy," Brett would say years later. "And it's not a bad thing to be remembered as."

In the present, we overvalue the rules of sport and insist that anyone caught breaking those parameters must be stopped, sanctioned, and banned. But as the decades slip away, such responses tend to invert. Who won and who lost matters less than the visage of the experience; as long as nobody got hurt and nobody took drugs and nothing was fixed by gamblers, a little deception almost becomes charming. A deficiency of character *adds* character, somehow. It proves that the cheater cared.

The Patriots are the Raiders of now, despite the fact that the Raiders still exist. They push the limits of everything, and that's how they dominate. Sometimes that limit-pushing is lawful and brilliant: When Belichick placed seven "eligible" receivers on the field against the Ravens in last season's divisional playoff, it was a stroke of strategic genius. Sometimes that limit-pushing is (perhaps) significantly less than totally legal. But it's all philosophically essential to what makes them who they are. They don't need to cheat in order to win, but it certainly doesn't hurt. I mean, how do rich people stay rich? By avoiding all the taxes specifically designed for rich people. How does a football franchise sustain a dynasty within an NFL system designed to instill parity? By attacking the boundaries of every rule in that system, at every level of the organization. And in both cases, the perception of those actions does not matter to the individuals involved. Perception is other people's problem. Brady does not hide from this: "I don't really care how the Patriots are perceived. I really don't."

There is nothing more attractive than a person who does not care if other people find him attractive.

These are all just games. Within the grand scheme of existence, they have no intrinsic value. A game can matter only as much as the involved players believe it to matter. This is why no one watches the Pro Bowl. It's also what makes Brady different from normal people, and from other quarterbacks: He will do whatever it takes to win, regardless of what that win represents. He is, by definition, a winner. Which is what everyone has always said about him. We always knew this. He is precisely the man society demands him to be. It's just that society doesn't like to think about what that means in practice.

Before I asked Brady about Deflategate, I asked him about playing golf with Donald Trump. He explained how this is an amazing experience, and how you never really know what the actual score is, and that there's always some sort of side bet, and that Trump always goes home with the money. I ask him if this means Trump cheats, as it's hard to imagine how someone could always win, particularly since *Golf Digest* estimates Brady's handicap as an 8.

"Nah," says Brady. "He just—he doesn't lose. He just doesn't lose."

The scoreboard is the scoreboard is the scoreboard. Everything else is just, like, *your opinion*,

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DONALD TRUMP



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Obviously there's a big movement, the Black Lives Matter movement...

I don't know—is it a big movement? I don't know if it's big or if it's small.

What do you make of it?

I don't make anything of it. I saw them steal the microphone from Bernie Sanders and he just yielded, which surprised me. But no, I don't know anything about... You know, when you say it's a big movement, I don't think it's a big movement. You think it's a big movement?

It's very hard to quantify. It's certainly a loud movement. And I think it's an interesting and important idea.

You think it is, actually? Black lives matter? But do you think white lives matter?

Well, the more common response is for people to say "all lives matter," though I understand why some people consider that kind of tone-deaf. To me, all lives matter. All lives matter.

But can you see how people who are fighting to point out a particular injustice—

[interrupts] No. No, I can't. I can't understand that term, no. I think that term is hurting them, not helping them.

As you know, there's a lot of chatter that if the going gets tough and you go down in the polls, people think you'll just quit.

There is? I haven't...

You tweeted about it yesterday.4

Yeah, I mean sure, but when you say a lot of chatter, I don't think there's a lot of chatter. Let's put it this way: I'm in this to win this. I'm not in to play games, I'm not in to come in second and have everybody say how brilliant I was, and how it was the Summer of Trump—and even now the Autumn of Trump, because I'm doing very well still. The summer ended a while ago.

I was listening to your call-in to Fox and Friends Weekend yesterday morning, talking about the sketch about you that opened the new season of Saturday Night Live. And you said that the only thing you took issue with was the wig, right?

Oh, terrible. It is my hair, by the way, as you know. As you can probably tell. Yeah, I thought the wig was terrible. I thought everything was fine, but I thought the wig was terrible. It was just so cheap-looking to me. I'd like them to get a much better-looking head of hair on the guy.

I guess people have been fascinated by your hair for many, many, many years. Do you understand why that is? If you look at the way I combed it up there [he gestures toward his photo gallery], I mean, it's similar, right? You know, all these years. I'm a very consistent person. Amazingly consistent person. You know, it is mine. You can follow my record pictorially—look, see those magazines. It's all the same haircut, right? You know, it's sort of funny. But I've been combing it this way for a long time, I figure I better not stop.

Why do you favor such an unusual style?

I don't think it's that unusual. [Ms. Hicks: "No."] I don't know. To me, it's not that unusual. It's not unusual because it's the way I've been combing it for a long time, since I'm in school.

It is unusual the way it goes forward and backward.

No, it's not really forward and it's not really... You know, if you look you know it's not actually a comb-over.

I guess people are interested in it now because they think it's a sign of a sort of vanity.

Vanity? Sure. Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. I don't know, I don't think of it. [Ms. Hicks: "Everybody combs their hair, right?"]

A lot of it is because—and I don't believe this to be the case but—people don't think there's really hair there.

Well, I mean, can you see it? I mean, I actually have a hairline. [He lifts up the front mass so that I can see a distinct, very regular line of hairs stretching upward from the front of his scalp; I gesture that he doesn't need to do this.] I actually think only the haters—they know it's real but they say it's not. There are haters that say "it's not his" because they're haters—it's what they do.

You've explained how you used to praise people who are now political enemies, or people you're competing with, like Hillary Clinton and Jeb Bush, ⁶ by...

I was a businessman, and I had to get along with everybody. Now I'm a politician, I guess. But when I'm a businessman I get along with everybody. Boy, this is gonna be a bad article. [to Ms. Hicks] You think it's gonna be fine? I don't think it's gonna be fine.

CHRIS HEATH is a GQ correspondent.

4. It was Trump who had fueled the subject four days earlier: When CNBC had asked him whether he would exit the race if he were no longer leading the polls, he replied, "Well, I'm not a masochist.... If I fell behind badly, I would certainly get out." Inevitably other TV interviewers followed up, and he repeated variations of the "I'm not a masochist" line, perhaps until he realized that it was giving an unproductive impression. Hence yesterday's tweet: I'm leading by big margins in every poll but the press keeps asking, would you ever get out? They are just troublemakers. I'm going to win!

5. Among the things their fake Trump said: "I love Megyn Kelly, I love her, I think she's great. She's talented and beautiful...but she's a heifer who's always on her period and I hate her and I hope she dies"; "Mexicans are stealing our children."

6. He has praised both many times over the years. For instance, in his 2000 book, *The America We Deserve*, Clinton is characterized as "smart and resilient," and as for Bush: "Jeb Bush is a good man... He's exactly the kind of political leader this country needs right now and will very much need in the future.... He's bright, tough and principled." The point I will never get to make was that his position regarding these previous compliments (and associated campaign contributions) effectively is: *You should trust me now, because look how honest and up-front I am about how I've had to be dishonest when it suited me.*

7. Trump politely shakes my hand as I leave.

TRACY MORGAN



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Wow

He was running it! He said, "Are you here for the workshop?" I said, "Yeah!" The very first person I met in show business professionally was Jimmy Mack—that's how far we go back.

And then was it buddies or a tutor-student relationship?

No, just buddies. When I was thinking about going on the wrong path, he talked to young blood. He was that uncle I never had. We all loved him. Then, when we were on the road, he was an old-school funny dude. If you look at [my stand-up special] Bona Fide, when I say, "With all due respect to the women, if you don't lose weight by June 24, you gonna be fat all summer!" That was Jimmy Mack. Except he didn't care about the lights, he just cared about me: How are you? That's what he would say to me: "How are you?" He didn't mean "How are you doing?" He meant, "How are YOU?" He said, "Get your soul right, get it clean, get your spirit right, think about what direction you want to go."

What happened after the workshop?

Four months later, I did *Def Comedy Jam.* That first season, I saw Martin Lawrence, and I was like, "Man, he look like me, come from where I come from, talking the same shit I talk," and he was funny like me. That was my inspiration: Martin Lawrence. To this day I call him my O.G. When I was out in L.A., Martin took me in like a little brother. He put me on his show. He would never talk to me about

"I loved dropping out of high school. I might have been stuck in some fucked-up job. And I'm not lifting no heavy boxes for no-fuckingbody! Fuck you, FedEx."

funny—he'd always talked to me about the business, and how to carry myself and how to be professional, because he had to learn, and he had work from Eddie Murphy, so it was passed down to me.

But you weren't afraid, going from the streets to the stage?

By the time I got to the workshop, I had a wife and kids. I got fired from every shitty job in New York, so I could joke about all that shit. I had no time to be afraid. I let other people be afraid.

But still, there must have been...

Look, I did all this shit without a GED. I loved dropping out of school. I dropped out of high school with four credits to go. I loved that shit. I wish I could go

TRACY MORGAN CONTINUED

back and drop out again. I love it when a plan works, because everybody says, "You ain't going to be shit." Now look at me. I loved dropping out of high school. I might have been stuck in some fucked-up job. And I'm not lifting no heavy boxes for no-fucking-body! Fuck you, FedEx, and your fucking heavy boxes. Feel my hands, Mike! See how soft they are? You know why? Because all I do is count money and touch bitches. I'm just joking! I've been making people laugh my whole life. It's second nature.

Can you tell me about the therapy following the accident, how it's helped?

Yeah, for all of us, something tragic and crazy had just happened. It shook up the house, and I had to get my house back together. Let everybody know: I'm here. I'm here. Daddy's here. Daddy's okay. One time I was walking up the stairs with my son, who was always right there with me... and I almost fell backwards. I was just learning how to walk, and he grabbed me and took me upstairs, and I started crying. He said, "What's wrong, Dad?" And I told him, "I remember when I carried you." And when my dad was dying of AIDS, I carried him.

And how, then, do you get your courage back to do comedy again?

How? I pray to God. He gives it to me. Gave us all life. Coming down the fallopian tube, this was all destiny. I wasn't born with a creek in my backyard. Now I've got an elevator in my house. I've got to spray-paint the walls, I've got to twist some shit up in here, to make it feel like home. My backyard is like a fucking high school football field. Who the fuck lives here? I was born in the projects. So I just take everything I've seen and I know, and I inject it right into my veins, and then I spit it all out: This is what we're afraid of, this is crazy, this is funny.... God came to me in the form of comedy, so here I am. But sometimes I sit back and go, "Why?" There's got to be a bigger purpose than show business.

Four of us in that van went into comedy, and one of us died instantly when we got hit. I guess we rolled, and while we were rolling, God may have fooled around with us in the sky. He said, "You, you, and you—you stay there. You? You're coming with me." And that was that. I'll find it out eventually.

Do you have an inkling, though?

Everything for a reason. If I can make someone else feel good and laugh at a time when they're in distress, then so be it. Use me. Keep on using me until I'm all used up. It's just the way it is. Jimmy Mack and my dad—two of my strongest guardian angels now. Probably standing right there saying, "Look at our boy!" That's why I've got to represent.

Will the comedy be different?

I think it will be deeper, I think it is going to be funnier—but who knows? I want to see the funny for myself—let's check it out. Take it out for a test-drive. I'm going to take my sense of humor to the next level, my life. But right now, that's all I look forward to: that first laughter. Will Ferrell told me, "You know how much a polar bear weighs? Enough to break the ice." See, that's good. Break the ice, then buckle up, and let's enjoy the fucking ride. Buckle up, kids, it's about to get wild and woolly! I faced death and all that shit. It's my responsibility to come back and come back strong. It's going to take more than a Walmart truck to take that gift away. I can't wait to make you all laugh. Especially you, Mike. And I already did that today. So all is good.

QUENTIN TARANTINO



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 228

And so I like the idea of maybe, like, a series of paperbacks coming out, *Further Adventures of Django*, and so I was really kind of into that idea. And then I started writing it as a book, as prose. And that's what ended up turning into *The Hateful Eight*. The number one thing I had to do was get rid of Django. *[laughs]*

Django felt like a political turn for you.

You know, it was very political, as opposed to, say, *Inglourious Basterds*, which was not necessarily political. It's a little bit more wish fulfillment. All right? *Django* is still a bit of wish fulfillment, but I was trying to show America itself, you know? *Django* was definitely the beginning of my political side, and I think *Hateful Eight* is the...logical extension and conclusion of that. I mean, when I say conclusion, I'm not saying I'll never be political again, but, I mean, I think it's like, in a weird way, *Django* was the question and *Hateful Eight* is the answer.

What do you mean by that?

Well, I mean, in the way of, like, talking about America's culpability in their past is what *Django*'s about. The white supremacy that has existed since and that is rearing its ugly head again, to such a degree that it's being dealt with by the Black Lives Matter movement and all that stuff, is where we are now. And that's what *The Hateful Eight* deals with. The thing that was really wild is, I wasn't trying to bend over backwards in any way, shape, or form to make it socially relevant. But once I finished the script, that's when all the social relevancy started.

You're referencing the fact, I'm guessing, that the Hateful Eight script has a murderous former Confederate general [played by Dern] square off against a black Union soldier turned bounty hunter [Jackson] as people around the room sort of take sides. Do you think you're just reading patterns subconsciously, or is it a coincidence? No, I don't think it's a coincidence. I think I was tapped into the Zeitgeist. That is the issue I was dealing with. All right? And now all of a sudden, it's such a real issue that it's now not under the surface anymore in American life, and people are having to deal with it.

Django came out at an interesting moment, when you also had Spielberg's Lincoln, and then, a year later, Steve McQueen's 12 Years a Slave, in theaters, dealing with the same material.

There literally was a moment where *Lincoln* was playing in one theater in the multiplex and *Django* was playing in another one. Which was actually kind of fucking groovy.

I interviewed McQueen around the time his movie came out and asked him about *Django*, and he said, "I'm just happy to see black actors on-screen who actually get work." That sounded like a shot to me.

Yeah, I'm sure it was.

What did you think of his movie? I never saw it.

Is that because it was too close to what you were working on?

No, I just spent a year and a half in the antebellum South. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was go back. I was so not the audience for that movie, after I literally created the worst possible decade of the last 200 years and lived in it every single solitary day. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was visit it in any way, shape, or form. There's no shade going toward his movie when it comes to that. I just didn't want to subject myself. I was in a depression a bit. Even though it was my biggest success, I was in a depression for about nine months after the film came out, because I couldn't really allow the pain and the misery that I was orchestrating to get into my inner fibers, and it all got there when it was done.

Are you competitive as a director?

I'm not competitive as a director. But the thing about it is, if I win a third screenwriting Oscar, I will tie with Woody [Allen]. I can't beat Woody until I tie with him.

But you want to beat him?

I want to have more original-screenplay Oscars than anybody who's ever lived! So much, I want to have so many that—four is enough. And do it within ten films, all right, so that when I die, they rename the original-screenplay Oscar "the Quentin." And everybody's down with that.

Tarantino's girlfriend emerges from the house: "You are insane. I just heard that. That's the most ridiculous thing you've ever said."

You're on film number eight. How could you plan to make only two more after this?

Hopefully it's like I'm getting down to the tip of the arrowhead. I'm getting better and better. And that means I still have two more to go. All right? And two more to go is gonna be six years, at least. But we'll see what happens. And you know, if that tenth film is a stinker, well, maybe the plan goes into the house fan. You know, in shreds. But so far so good. And I love the idea of taking my vitality to its further point and then stopping, leaving you wanting a little bit more. Not staying too long at the party. Not working with dulled senses. Not working with dulled intentions. Not working with compromised intentions—i.e., age, vitality, wealth, wife, kids, you know, all those kind of things that get in the way.

That seems like a bleak thing to say, that last part.

My filmography comes first. My artistic journey comes first. I'm not saying I can't have kids. But the last two movies, can't have kids, can't have a wife, you know. That's the deal. There is an excitement when you're hanging on the next film of director as they're doing their climb to immortality. I felt that way about De Palma in the '70s and the '80s. I felt that way about Scorsese in the '70s and the '80s, and I felt that way about Spielberg in the '70s and '80s.

Who do you think is currently working at your level? I think my real filmmaking peer is probably David O. Russell right now—i.e., his ability to write, the movies he does, and his relationship that he has

with the actors that he likes to work with. And I think, along with myself, I think he is the best actor's director out there. And I feel he's pushing it. I think him and Jennifer Lawrence are the closest thing we have to Bette Davis and William Wyler. I mean, it's fucking exciting.

Can you still access the person that you were at the beginning of your career—the guy who went to jail for parking tickets and who'd never left Los Angeles?

Oh, very much so. I mean...[pause] I still touch base with that person all the time, and I still have their thoughts. I still have their perspectives. I mean, you know, the way the police are killing black males out there, unarmed black males, shooting them down, um...vou know, it's a different story for me now. All right? The police protect this house. And I need them to do that. And I want them to do that. If I have a problem here, if I think somebody jumped my fence and is fucking around on my property, I'm gonna call the cops. But I'm rich now. I'm rich and white now. All right? When I was in my twenties, I wasn't rich. They looked at me and they saw a criminal. They saw a scumbag. They saw someone to be fucked with. I went through a county jail system four different times. I saw how the county sheriffs talk to you when you're down there. I saw what it's like when you have absolutely no power and you're on the wrong side of the social strata, and what they think of you, and the judgments they make of you. I see that, and I see that now. So when I watch this stuff, I say, "God, shit, that, you know, that could have been me in 1984. That could have been me in 1986." Now, I have white skin and they have black skin, and that's a huge difference.

Back in the '90s, you used to approach the press cycle like an actor would, and you became famous in your own right. Did you later regret that decision?

I joke I'm not really that famous, I'm just that recognizable. If you know what I look like, you're gonna know me when you see me. But no-I wanted me to be enough when I'm making a movie. I didn't want to have to go and get a star who respected my movies. I wanted to be enough to get it made, and if I get a star, well, that's all great. Okay, now we're talking Hitchcock and Cary Grant. Awesome! All right? But, you know, Hitchcock and Farley Granger is okay, too.

So many people in your industry have early success and then burn out. How did that not happen to you?

I worked too long to be here. I mean, I had such incredible good luck and fortune to make Pulp Fiction and just, in this weird pocket of time, that it could be appreciated for what it was. If I'm gonna fuck that up, I don't really deserve to have any of this. But I was never afraid of the burnout scenario that you described. I was more afraid of like-I didn't want to open up a shingle and a shop and now I'm a factory. You know, I do my movie that I do every two or three years, but then I produce a bunch of stuff, and my name's always out there, Quentin Tarantino Presents this movie, that movie, and I'm rewriting this, because they're paying me a lot of money, I do a two-week dialogue polish on Transformers 3, this and that and the other, and I keep making money and money and money, and I'm, like, you know, giving my special magic well water away to these people-and now all of a sudden my name doesn't mean jack fucking shit.

There's still a lot of random Tarantino floating around in the culture in 2015—whether it be in film dialogue or non-linear storytelling or the basic eternal persistence of the Reservoir Dogs suits. Where do you most encounter your work or your influence in the wild?

In the '90s, from like '97 through '99 or 2000 or something like that, it would be going in young people's apartments and seeing the Pulp Fiction poster up, or seeing the head shot from Pulp Fiction, which is Jules and Vincent pointing their guns. Or seeing their cinder-block used-video library-you know, that they bought for \$9.99 from the local video store—and they have Godfather, they have Godfather II. they have Scarface. And then they have Reservoir Dogs and they have Pulp Fiction.

ZACH BARON is GQ's staff writer.

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Page 184. Right, from top: courtesy of @beigecardigan; courtesy of @betches; courtesy of @clawmoney; courtesy of @officialseanpenn. Left, hair: Blake Erik at Jed Root. Makeup: Pep Gay using Diorshow. Manicure: Ana-Maria for Dior Vernis. Set design: Michael Bednark, Bottom illustration: Hannah K, Lee.

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Pages 232-233. Producer: Ruth Levy. On-site producer: Cathy Mele-Lyman for Bauic Productions. Set design: Andy Henbest for Frank Reps. Grooming: David Cox for Kevin Murphy. Special effects makeup: Alex Noble. From left, 1. Shorts: Wrangler for Target. Socks: Adidas. Sneakers: Converse. 2. T-shirt: Mossimo Supply Co. for Target. Shorts Wrangler for Target. Socks: Under Armour. Sneakers: Converse. 3. Shorts: Banana Republic. Socks: Nike. Sneakers: New Balance. 4. T-shirt: Fruit of the Loom. Shorts Wrangler for Target. Socks, vintage. Sneakers: Converse. 5. T-shirt: Rag & Bone. Shorts: Dockers. Socks: Under Armour. Sneakers: Adidas Originals. 6. Jeans: J Brand. sneakers Converse, 7. T-shirt: Acne Studios, Jeans: Frame Denim, Sneakers: Converse, 8. Jeans Citizens of Humanity, Sneakers: Converse, 8. Jeans

Pages 240-241. Producer: Lisa Hooper. Set design: Edward Murphy at Art Works Hollywood. Larry David, grooming: David Cox for Kevin Murphy. Julia Louis-Dreyfus, hair: Lona Vigi using Nexxus. Makeup: Jo Baker using Hourglass cosmetics. Manicure: Emi Kudo using Dior Vernis. Her jacket and jewelry, vintage. Stockings: Wolford. Vintage boots: Dr. Martens

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ARE YOU WEDDY FOR YOUR CWOSE-UP?

• Tracy Morgan's daughter, Maven, was a force behind the scenes of his photo session with Mark Seliger (page 204). "She was obsessed with our makeup artist and was mimicking her all shoot," Seliger says. "She wanted to make sure her father didn't shine too much." Morgan, nearly killed in an automobile accident last summer, is quick to point out the importance of keeping Maven closematte-effect powder or not. "I wanted her backstage with me at SNL, I wanted her here," he says. "I was in the hospital and I don't even remember her first birthday. She got so big. But I was able to be there for her second birthday. I'm able to be around for more." Great to have you back, Tracy. Maven, please send us your invoice.

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